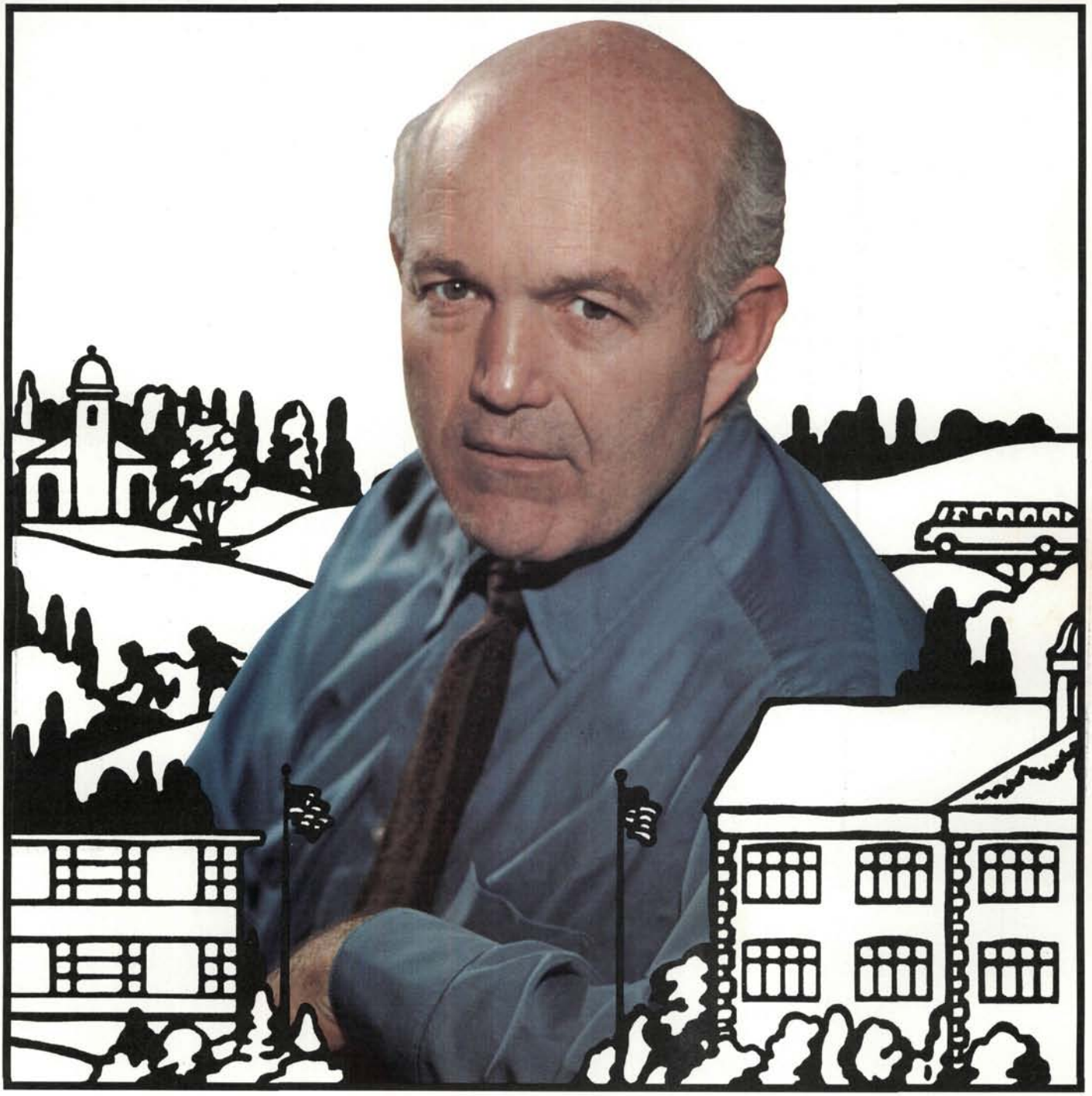
EDUCATION
Saturday Review
MAY 27, 1972 50¢

Sen. James Buckley & Victor Navasky on J. Edgar Hoover

The School That Tried to Change by Herbert Kohl

JAMES S. COLEMAN: CLASS AND THE CLASSROOM



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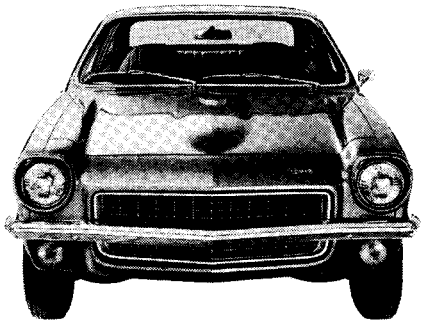

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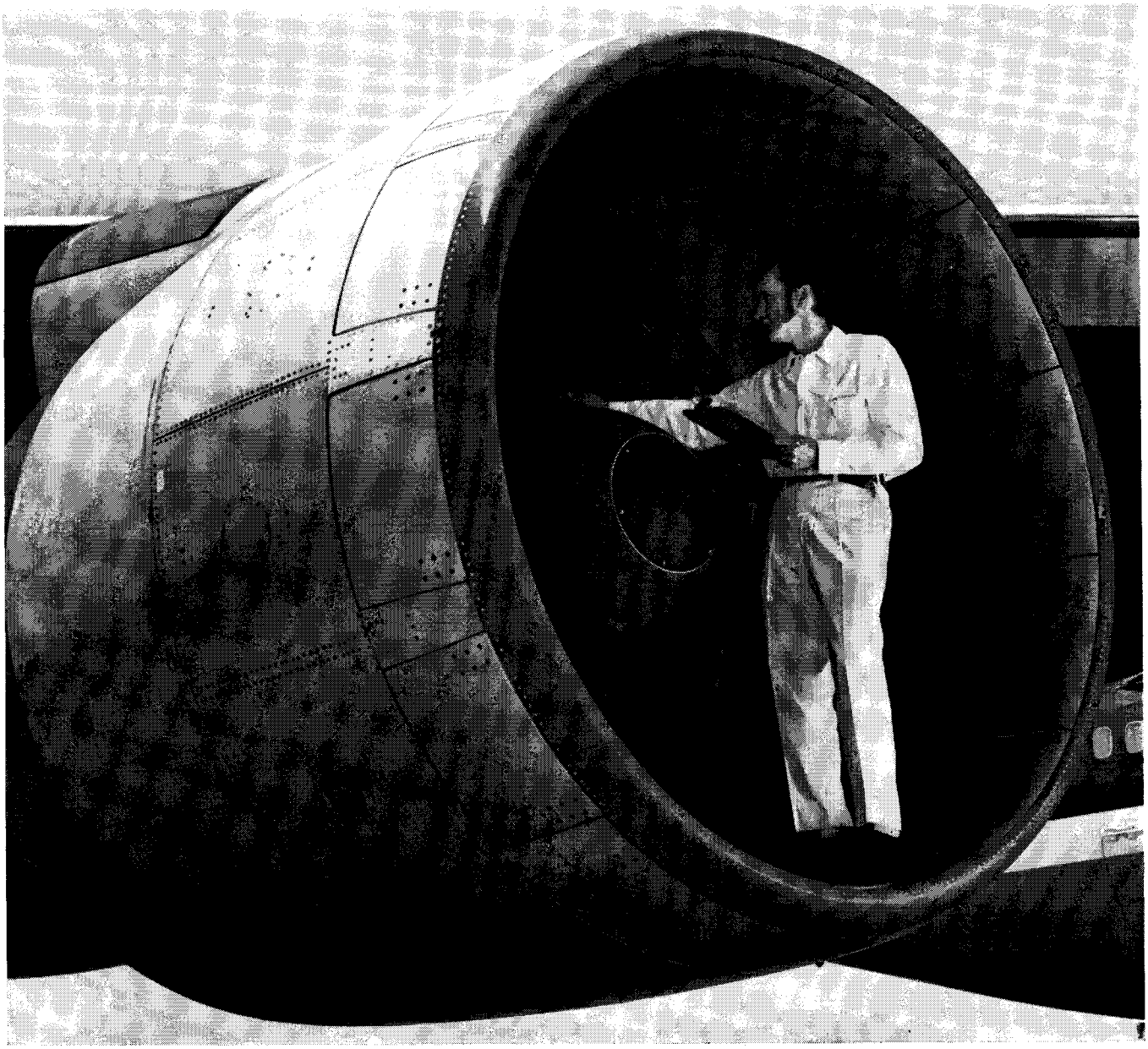

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Distant Shaves: Memories of Blades Past

I think I know what has gone wrong with our society, at least the male part of it. The skill, fun, and danger have gone out of shaving.

When I was a small boy, my father used a straight-edged razor. I loved to watch him grimace and pull the skin taut with his fingers preparatory to a daring swipe from cheekbone to chin. I held my breath while he shaved his upper lip, coming perilously close to his nose, and when he started his hazardous course along his jawbone, risking an ear lobe. When he scraped around his Adam's apple, with a good chance of cutting his throat, I had to turn away until I thought the danger was past.

The preliminaries also fascinated me, especially his whipping up a huge lather by stirring a shaving brush in a mug containing a round cake of shaving soap. It was like a chemist working with mortar and pestle, or a necromancer performing a mysterious rite, the lather rising up as if alive under his ministrations.

Nor shall I ever forget the way my father sharpened his razor by stropping it. This he did on a strip of leather held at one end by a hook in the wall and at the other by my father's hand. Back and forth, this side of the razor and then that, my father stropped with a touch derived from years of daily doing. He stropped always at the same speed, and the rhythmical sound comes back to me now.

I tried using a straightedge, but I was a generation too late. I lacked the skill, the patience, the courage. My father, in Charles Reich's terminology, was Consciousness I. I was Consciousness II. The Corporate State had developed the safety razor. Why should I risk cuts and gashes, perhaps even the loss of the tip of my nose? And why should I go to all that trouble of sharpening by stropping when I could throw away a dull blade and replace it with a sharp one? So, after a few fearful, half-hearted attempts with a straightedge, I went over to the safety razor, only a little ashamed of my cowardice and laziness.

There was still a little demanded of me. The early safety-razor blades rusted, so I had to dry them thoroughly —taking care not only to remove all the moisture but to keep from slicing a finger in the process. But soon came rustproof steel, and there was no need for even the slightly onerous and risky business of drying a razor blade. As for lather, no longer did I have to whip it up from a cake of shaving soap or even squeeze it from a tube. The aerosol can took the last iota of toil out of residual preparations for shaving. Press—and *poof*!

But apparently someone still thought shaving was requiring too much of me. A friend gave me an electric shaver one Christmas. No lather at all, though a preshave lotion was supposed to make things even easier. No blades to change. No risk of cutting myself, and no chance of electrocution unless I should be so foolish as to shave while taking a bath. Now even a child could shave, if a child had to.

Indeed, technology has made a child of me, but a child with a heavy beard. Sometimes I think my father was more of a man, stropping that gleaming straightedge of his, testing its sharpness with his thumb, and then slicing down through that cloud of homemade lather.

But there is hope for others, if not for me. The Consciousness III people don't all take the easy emancipation from shaving by growing beards. Nor do they help Big Business by buying its latest gadgets nor plunder our natural resources by using electric power. I am told that some of them, in the most advanced communes, are shaving with a straightedge.

Richard Armour

Nonmilitant Protest: A Semantic Standoff

It seems my hopes are balderdashed
And all my answers pat;
Identity crisis round my door,
Charisma vanished forevermore,
I know not where it's at.

My middle-income back is lashed,
My credibility gapped;
The power structure has left me out,
The Establishment ignores my clout,
With law and order I'm trapped.

Meaningful dialogue have I none,
Of hangups I've a glut;
My methodology has no thrust,
My crunch is certainly not robust,
None of my issues are gut.

The confrontation's just begun,
With anomie I'm fraught;
On the rhetoric level (or any other)
I'm up against the wall, mother,
Oh, please! Dichotomy naught.

Robert Pierce

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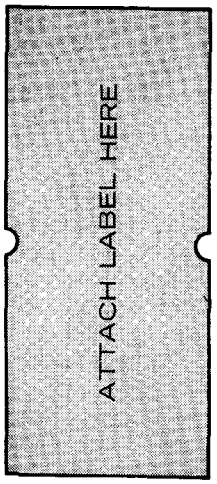

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

In Memory Of

Every five or six months I clear away the accumulated clutter of newspaper clips and trivia on this desk to make room for a fresh batch of clips and trivia. There is no set time for this tidying. When the mailman drops a single small letter on it and the desk grunts and sags under the weight, it's time. Today it did. And what showed up were a couple of items of current import.

One is a large protest button, reading: "Memorial Day, 1969, 35,000 GI's Dead in Vain. No More." The reason I came across such an old button was that, in reaching blindly into the furthermost recesses of the desk pad, I stuck my finger on its pin. Appropriately, the finger bled. As does my heart when I realize that the button is in need of some tragic editing. On this Memorial Day the number is 55,000. Three years of being wound up in a war that just wouldn't wind down.

The second item is a letter I received three years ago from a close friend, Mr. George Sanders, whose recent death was brought about, not by war, but by his own hand. In *The New York Times* obituary, under the heading of "The Consummate Cad," Mr. Sanders's film portrayals are described as those of "a villain with a soul beyond redemption . . . an artful blend of charm and cruelty."

So brilliantly had he played the suave, cynical, sophisticated snob of a bad guy that in the minds of the millions who saw him on the screen Mr. Sanders was an actor playing himself. Untrue. Not so. To those who knew him well, he was charm itself. He was gentle and filled with quiet laughter.

We first met Mr. Sanders about twenty years ago in London at the Savoy, if you'll pardon the town- and hotel-dropping. We were there to play and record *The Big Show* at the Palladium (theater-dropping) for presentation on radio in the States. Sanders had come in to discuss with the writers the dialogue he would share with Tallulah Bankhead.

As spokesman for our little group, I arose and bade him welcome, and went on at some length and, I confess, with some fatuity about how happy we were to have him as a guest, and what fans we were of his, having seen all his films, and how we held him in such high esteem that we were certain he would be such a smash on the show that he would be invited back again and again.

It was one of those effusive speeches one begins and can't seem to stop. When I had finally come to a nervous halt, Mr. Sanders supplied us with the key, the gimmick, for writing the patented Sanders characterization. He said, in that impeccable British diction, "Indeed." He smiled and thanked us for our comforting words and departed.

He *was* a smash; he *did* come back often. Our scripts bristled with his mono- and duosyllabics.

"George," said Tallulah after he had finished a song he had composed, "your singing has left me speechless."

"Good," said Mr. Sanders.

"Now just a minute, Buster," said Tallulah. "Don't come around me with your monosyllabic insults. You're not talking to some naïve, eighteen-year-old girl."

"Pity," he replied.

On one of the shows Tallulah was carrying on about aging actors who overstay their time on the stage. "It has always been my prayer and my hope," she said, "that when my time was up, I would exit graciously and gracefully."

"And did you?" asked Mr. Sanders.

Cynic? No. Not a man who could laugh at his own life-style. One day he came to the theater chuckling quietly. He explained he had been on Fifth Avenue with Zsa Zsa and they had stopped at Dunhill's to admire a cigarette lighter in the window. An attendant came out to invite Miss Gabor inside.

"How much is that lighter?" she asked, pointing at the window.

"We are not permitted to talk business on the street," the man said.

And, George related, Zsa Zsa replied, "Darling, neither are we."

At the end of a two-year run, Sanders was a guest on our final show. Tallulah spent a minute or two telling him how much she appreciated his appearances on the program and went on to wish him good fortune, and more successful films, and on and on. She finished with, "Stay around till the program is over, George, and I'll drive you home."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Sanders, "but you already have."

He hated long goodbyes. Read the note he left behind: "Dear World: I am leaving because I am bored. I have lived long enough. I am leaving you with your worries in this sweet cesspool. Good luck."

Short and sad and, in the final hours of his desperation, still in the public image of George Sanders. So I say no farewells "till it be morrow." Simply, "Goodbye." □

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

The Men from "Sitcom"

What makes a movie different from a television program? With so much television entertainment coming from the movie studios, the dividing line seems slim indeed. And yet the line does exist. It would be illuminating, for example, to know why the knowledgeable executives of MCA-TV decided to pitch their recent *Groundstar Conspiracy* to the theaters instead of to the tube. Or why a film like *Madigan* becomes a TV series instead of, as in the past, the progenitor of a tribe of movie sequels. Obviously, with every notable star this side of the Lunts succumbing to the lure of the television dollar, casting is no longer the answer, nor is the cost factor. The studios at this point are spending at least as much on their *World Premieres* and *Movie of the Weeks* as they allot to their average theatrical fare.

Some part of the answer perhaps may be found in the film *The War Between Men and Women*, which has reversed the usual direction of going from screen to tube. Its origins lie in *My World and Welcome to It*, a series that provided more than a few sprinkles to television's sad wasteland—and was prematurely axed for its efforts. *My World* was what the networks term "a situation comedy"—"sitcom" to the trade—and it wittily interlaced the domestic difficulties of a successful cartoonist who might just possibly have been related to the late, great James Thurber with animations of cartoon drawings that were unmistakably Thurberesque. It took less than a season for the network to discover that the show's following was loyal but inadequate. What man proposes, Nielsen disposes.

But Melville Shavelson and Danny Arnold, who were jointly responsible for the television series, refused to let their *World* die with the ratings. Instead, they went to work on a movie script that moved their central character identifiably closer to Thurber. He became not merely a cartoonist with a good many hangups but a cartoonist who was also going blind. He was provided with a family, not his own, that he had to adjust to; and they introduced a former husband of his wife who was everything he was not—a bold, venturesome photographer who was also a bit of a philanderer on the side. For comic overtones they added the literary world of literary teas (where everything is poured except tea), literary agents, and literary allusions. And they wrote comic asides, addressed directly to the audience, that were pure Thurber. Best of all, they made room in their movie for extended passages of cartooning based, not only on *The War Between Men and Women*, but on Thurber's seemingly naïve, thought-provoking parable *The Last Flower*.

These additions, these deepenings, I suspect, account for the difference between the movies and TV. Had they occurred in the television series, it would probably have been bounced off the air even faster than it was. Had they *not* occurred in this movie adaptation, it would probably never have gone into production. Certainly the fact that Jack Lemmon was attracted to the role of a misogynistic artist on the verge of blindness helped to get it off the ground. As Peter Wilson—author, illustrator, and reluctant husband—he rises superbly to the occasion. He is devastatingly hilarious when he drafts his agent (Herb Edelman) to pretend to his wife that he is going off to Cape Cod to finish a book instead of into the hospital for an eye operation, touching and sympathetic when he remembers, belatedly, that he can't swim after diving off a pier to save a child, and when he knowingly makes another become angry enough to forget her habit of stammering.

In addition to Lemmon's, there are delightful performances by Barbara Harris as a divorcée forthrightly in search of a new husband and by Jason Robards—barely a cameo—as the husband she would just as soon forget. Not to mention Herb Edelman's well-turned contribution as the agent with a heart of Jello. Each of these characters has a dimension not ordinarily found in television. In TV-land one neither laughs uproariously nor weeps copiously. Watching *The War Between Men and Women*, one does both. And while there may be the lingering suspicion that some kind of manipulation is going on—that blindness, motherhood, dogs, children, and the sudden death of the ex-husband while covering some war in Asia are just too easy for real drama—the picture has a warmth, a humor, and a sense of telling it like it is (or like it might be) that totally divorces it from the television medium.

Divorcing *The Pied Piper* from the television medium is less easy. In this instance, it is less a matter of content than of style. Watch daytime TV. At most, there are three cameras, one of which is always deployed for the inserts. Scenes tend to run long, with a peripatetic camera following the actors around an obviously constricted setting. One camera moves freely within the area, while camera two is punched up for the close-ups. It is a style that is probably admirably adapted to the demands of the day-to-day vicissitudes of *As the World Turns* or *Secret Storm*. When used for a movie that will be shown in theaters, however, it creates an insuperable barrier between whatever happens on the screen and the paying customers.

The Pied Piper seeks to re-create, within the limitations of stridently Cockney accents, the spread of the Black Plague through fourteenth-century Germany. A band of strolling players, approaching the supposedly immune city of Hamelin, picks up a wandering minstrel (the British balladier Donovan) and is admitted within its walls only after the minstrel effects a miraculous cure on the daughter of the burgomaster. Despite the self-seeking efforts of the local baron (Donald Pleasance) to gain immunity by erecting a cathedral, the plague comes to Hamelin, and the legendary piper (to a sweet and simple Donovan-composed tune) pipes the rats out of town. When the town's elders renege on the payment they promised him, however, the piper pipes the same theme to lead their sons and daughters to an abrupt oblivion. A quick dissolve tells us they have gone, but whether the disappearance is intended to save them from the plague or to punish their parents is never clarified.

Meanwhile, there also is a very involved subplot centering upon Michael Hordern as a Jewish alchemist who has been commanded by Pleasance to create artificial gold rather than waste time concocting an unguent for warding off the plague. When he fails to produce, Hordern is burned at the stake—symbolic of fourteenth-century religious intolerance. It may be historically accurate; however, it seems oddly out of place in a fourteenth-century musical.

For all its good intentions and pretty scenery, however, the basic fault with this *Pied Piper* is its (probably purely coincidental) television look. The intricate, complicated shots, generally running minutes on end, are flawlessly executed, but they add up to an emotional zero. A character passes close to the lens almost by accident. We don't even get a real close-up of Donovan, the Pied Piper himself, until the film is nearly over. Director Jacques Demy, at least in his décor and costumes, has given us a striking glimpse of the fourteenth century. But his technique makes it merely a glimpse, instead of the full, in-depth scrutiny that might have justified the production of a feature-length film. □

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L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

STRAIGHT: *A Heterosexual Talks About His Homosexual Past* ($6.95), by William Aaron, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 2460 East Camelback Road, Phoenix, Arizona 85016.

Letters to the Editor

Time in School

I was surprised at some of Torsten Husén's statements in "Does More Time in School Make a Difference?" [*SR*, April 29]. The title question seems somewhat misleading. Does he really mean to ask it, or does he want to know, "Does more time in school make a difference in achievement on test scores?" His answer—"Apparently not"—makes it clear that he is concerned about the latter. It is not an answer to the question asked in the title. More time in school may enable students to participate in art, music, athletics, etc. It may aid the working mothers. It may keep youngsters off the labor market. It may provide a desirable form of leisure.

Another surprise was the statement: ". . . we have assumed that a 50 per cent increase in full-time schooling would result in a 50 per cent increase in the knowledge retained by students." Who assumed this? I have been in education all my life, but I never heard anyone express this opinion.

Many people have assumed that there is some positive relation between the amount learned and the amount of time spent in school, but everyone I know believes in the law of diminishing returns. All studies have shown that there is no one-to-one relationship between the amount of time spent in school and academic achievement. Some veterans of World War II were admitted to college after two years of high school and performed as well as or better than those who had completed four years of high school. There are innumerable studies of this kind, such as J. M. Stephens's *The Process of Schooling*.

Professor John Walton
The Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Md.

I thoroughly agree with Dr. Francis Chase's hypothesis, ". . . that schooling doesn't make much difference." In support of this statement, may I offer this very simple fact: In the United States children spend only slightly more than 14 per cent of any calendar year in school. I offer this for sharing because I have never heard anyone else cite this startling statistic. My money says that most learning is going on outside of school.

Kenneth F. Scheurer
Xavier University
Cincinnati, O.

Bilingualism

Re: Jeffrey W. Kobrick's "The Compelling Case for Bilingual Education" [*SR*, April 29]. Those who propose bilingual schools as a panacea for the socioeconomic problems of specific groups are overlooking a number of important factors. To categorize Chicano and Puerto Rican children as "Spanish-speaking" is misleading—the Spanish (or "Spanglish") that most of them use is very rudimentary and is far below the level of a middle- or even lower-class child in Mexico or any other Spanish-speaking country. One example is the experience of Cuban children in Miami: Spanish-speaking and of middle-class origins for the most part, they usually understand fundamental Spanish grammar, and this in turn enables them to master English within a year or two. Bilingualism for Puerto Ricans and Chicanos en masse will simply increase their lack of skill in both languages. True bilingualism (or trilingualism) cannot be decreed for extended population groups; it is an elite skill generally restricted to those with both cultural and educational background and the interest to master it. Chicano and Puerto Rican pressure groups that demand bilingual schools are doing so for political reasons—the children they claim to speak for will find that learning Spanish well can be just as tedious as learning correct English.

The experiment described in Chiapas, Mexico, omitted some important details. The state of Chiapas (as well as Oaxaca, Yucatán, and other southern states) is heavily Indian and a stronghold of native folkways. The policy of the Mexican government has always been to supplant Indian languages with Spanish, since a person does not become a doctor, engineer, or businessman if he can speak only Nahuatl or Maya. It is inaccurate to speak of "written" Indian languages—spoken languages were transcribed into Roman characters by Spanish friars in the sixteenth century, but only a minuscule minority, usually specialists, has ever been literate in these scripts. Therefore, Indian children in Chiapas and elsewhere do not "read" native languages, because there is no one to teach them.

This points up the entirely separate problem of the bilingualism of our own Indians. Indian languages are archaic here as well as in Mexico, Guatemala, or Peru—unsuited for the demands of our increasingly complex world. Spanish, English, and Japanese, among others, are major languages, and, if one masters them, the scientific and cultural treasures of the world become available. Navaho and Cherokee do not offer such advantages; instead, they imprison people in an already isolated cultural environment.

Carl J. Mora
University, Ala.

Jeffrey Kobrick warns against stereotyping non-English-speaking children as "dense" because they are unable to communicate in English. Yet the article, with the accompanying grotesque caricature of a New York City elementary schoolteacher named Mrs. Newman, presents a vicious and bigoted stereotype of the teacher.

Professor Daniel Tanner
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, N. J.

The Massachusetts bilingual education bill was cosponsored and pursued vigorously by the Massachusetts Teachers Association, whose members and legislative

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agents were among the first to see the need for bilingual education and subsequently set out to correct the serious social problems caused by inadequate programs for the non-English-speaking child. The MTA worked very closely with the Massachusetts Coalition for Bilingual Education, a group of sixty-six organizations that pushed very hard for passage of the legislation. We are very proud of the law and the role we played in its enactment.

William H. Hebert
Massachusetts Teachers Association
Boston, Mass.

Community Art

Re: David Shapiro's "Recovering a Sense of Past and Place" [*SR*, April 29]. It is rare that the values of nonelitist art are recognized. That which is not franchised by the big culture houses can be considered merely a bit of fringe. But David Shapiro connects us to history, to universal strivings—to works we may not even know about but that involve similar processes.

We are strengthened by Mr. Shapiro's grand perspective and helped by his criticisms. Our community and our publication yearn to break out of isolation, but without compromise. I hope the article will help facilitate a flow within the worlds of professional art and community art.

Diane Churchill
The Stoop
New York City, N.Y.

Everyman's Classroom

Re: Peter J. Smith's "Britain's Open University: Everyman's Classroom" [*SR*, April 29]. The success of Britain's Open University highlights the numerous failures of American higher education over the last five decades. We have underutilized and abused educational technology, divided our academic resources into a viciously antidemocratic antithesis— vocational training for the masses versus liberal arts for the middle class—narrowly departmentalized every "subject matter" in the dubious pursuit of the production of scholars and technicians rather than educated persons, failed to provide higher educational opportunities for half of our most eminently qualified high school graduates, subjected our finest minds to the anonymity of mass instruction, and sold to the young the overly disciplinary and punitive theory that the development of authentic skills and attitudes requires the two- to four-semester package of rote memory, long practice, and persistent attention to the tedious and narrow details of specialization.

Journet Kahn
Milwaukee, Wis.

UVF and IRA

Re: Letters to the Editor [*SR*, April 29]. Miriam Reik mentions that Ulster Volunteer Force [UVF] releases are often signed "W. Johnston." William Johnston was an Orangeman and politician of the late nineteenth century. In June 1968 anonymous telephone calls were made to Belfast newspapers attributing an attack on the Catholic John Patrick Scullion to a militant Protestant organization. Some days prior to Scullion's death, the *Belfast Tele-*

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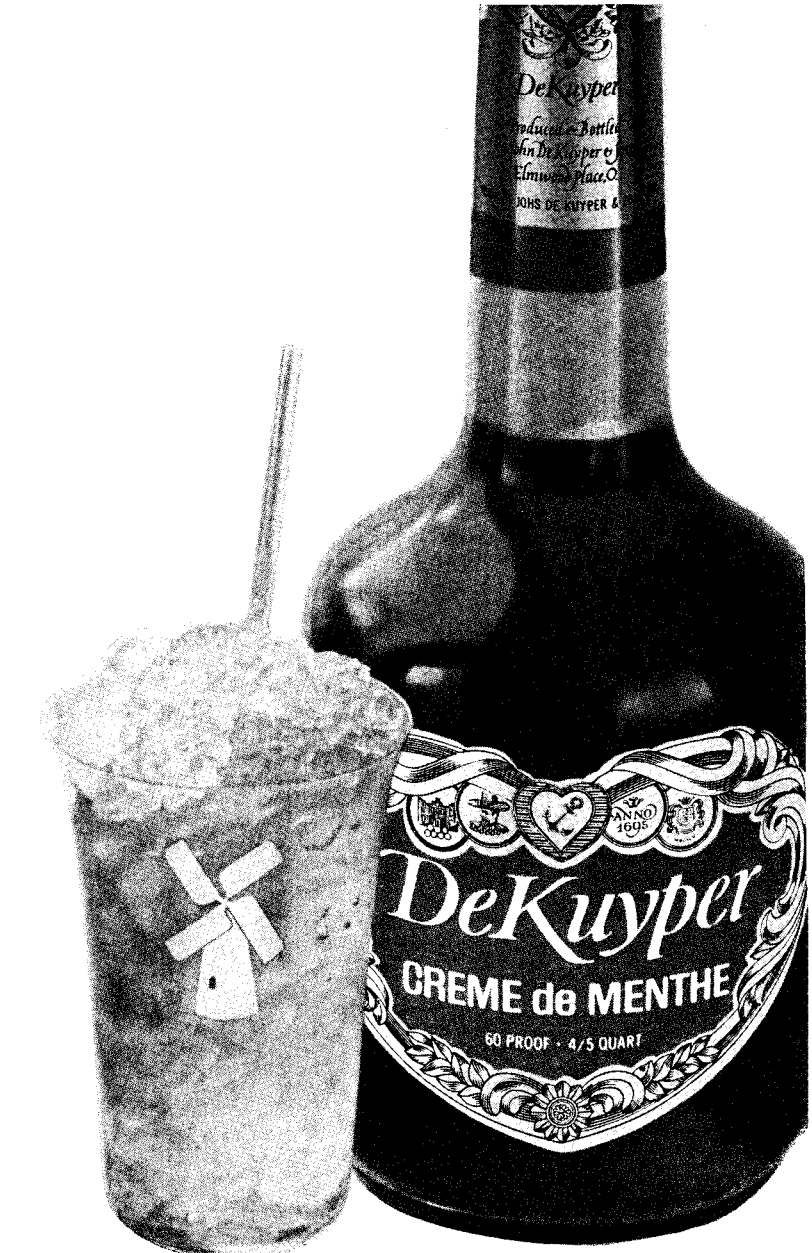

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Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers Winery
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graph received a call from a "Captain William Johnston, Adjutant of the 1st Belfast Battalion of the Ulster Volunteer Force." The caller claimed that the UVF (named after an anti-Home Rule army organized in 1913) had battalions in many parts of Ulster and had declared war on the IRA. "Known IRA men will be executed mercilessly and without hesitation," stated "Captain Johnston." The UVF was soon declared an illegal organization under the Special Powers Act.

The use of the late Johnston's name is paralleled by IRA releases signed "J. McGarrity," after a former leader of Ulster origin. This practice is symptomatic of the extreme historical consciousness of the Irish. In the words of Richard Rose (*Governing Without Consensus*), "Ireland is almost a land without a history, because the troubles of the past are relived as contemporary events." Johnston is a hero in the Orange Order, but there is some irony in the use of his name by the UVF. In the beginning of his career, Johnston drew working-class support from both Catholics and Protestants against conservatives. He did not support open attacks on Catholics. As he said, "The man who calls himself a Protestant and attacks a peaceable Roman Catholic procession is doing as much as lies in him to destroy the liberties of his fellow Protestants." But (and one is reminded of modern-day Unionists whose effects are not as benevolent as their words) Johnston, in association with the Rev. Dr. Thomas Drew, encouraged Orange provocation of Catholics, which often led to riots.

Philippa Robinson
Ithaca, N.Y.

Nonbiodegradable

Nowhere in her chatty article "Look Alive!" [*SR*, April 22] does Rosalind Constable hazard a personal evaluation or attempt to explain what particular hereditary peculiarity produced such bizarre offspring. Neutrality in the name of objectivity may be good, but objectivity implies more than cataloguing.

Had Miss Constable followed more conventional canons of criticism, she might have noted a remarkable similarity between the brave new sculpture and the dismal social-realism caricatures that passed for art in the Thirties. She might also have pointed out the irony of a situation that finds a group of artists degrading both form and the human spirit and in the process using nonbiodegradable materials.

Arnold Singer
Cornell University
Ithaca, N.Y.

"As you leave these cloistered walls and ivied halls with your hard earned Ph.D., we, your teachers and mentors, charge you: Be good waiters, courteous cabbies, and honest narcs."

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ACTION

Re: Wallace Roberts's article "RIP: Peace Corps and Vista" [*SR*, April 1]. No one was more surprised to learn of their deaths than Peace Corps and Vista themselves; however, a quick rundown on their busy booking schedules should allay any fear. Vista has been deliberately keeping away from the limelight in order to play out-of-the-way places like Appalachia and America's urban ghettos, where audiences clamor for her appearances.

As for Peace Corps, he now has a circuit of fifty-seven countries abroad, where he does his act in 312 languages and dialects. These bookings are expensive. As everybody knows, Peace Corps works for virtually nothing. Last year he was unable to get his usual loan from the Capitol Finance Company. But rather than cut back on his bookings or drop any of the hardworking young professionals in his cast, he chose to tighten his belt and lose a little weight. The show has got to be great, because I keep getting new requests for bookings and thousands of promising young actors are banging down our doors to get into the troupe.

Realizing that trouble at the box office often results from poor reviews—no matter how erroneous—I decided to call a meeting with all my clients. Present at the meeting was the Foster Grandparent Program, a venerable artiste who has spent the last seven years quietly working with institutionalized children. Also in attendance were SCORE (Service Corps of Retired Executives) and ACE (Active Corps of Executives), who are now busily at work developing workshops to help minority artists to break into the "business." RSVP (Retired Senior Volunteer Program), who is giving a fresh start to some 60,000 seasoned actors, was also present. While I may handle some older clients, it is a real mistake to think of ACTION as a rest home. In fact, just down the corridor from where my clients met is our maternity ward for new ideas, like UYA (University Year for ACTION). This is a new program developed by ACTION, and already it has 1,000 students from twenty-five universities in the field working full-time fighting poverty.

My clients are intensely committed to their public benefit performances, and their consensus, happily, was that no number of scurrilous attacks could do real damage. I hope they're right.

Joseph H. Blatchford, Director
ACTION
Washington, D.C.

Mailbag Note

Please address comments about articles that have appeared in *Saturday Review* to: Letters to the Editor. Inquiries should be sent to: Reader Services. Poetry, article suggestions, manuscripts, and cartoons should be sent to our Contributors Department. The address for all of the above is 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Manuscripts, poetry, and cartoons will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Booked for Travel

Claude Lewis

Blacks Roam the Globe with Little Anxiety

Sitting in a fine restaurant in some strange country is my idea of a good time. I have met the natives of Algiers, Madrid, Jerusalem, and Geneva over glasses of soft wine and handsome dinners. Often we struggled together trying to overcome the barriers of language, but even those little troubles added to the fascination of meeting new people in amiable surroundings.

Many times I have thought back to the days when my family was on welfare in Harlem. I have wondered how it happened that things changed so dramatically in the lives of so many blacks that many of us are now able to visit various countries of the world and walk the streets of foreign neighborhoods in cities our fathers had never even heard of.

What it all boils down to is that because of better opportunities a great deal more money has become available. As a result, blacks are spending upward of $800 million yearly, traveling throughout the United States and to nearly every corner of the globe.

The recent travel explosion by blacks is so new that analysts are hard pressed to say for certain what has contributed most to the increased mobility among nonwhites. Some believe that the burgeoning black consciousness of recent years is responsible for blacks' jetting to the newly independent nations of Africa, to the West Indies, and even to Europe.

The rising income among a large segment of black families has also made it possible for many of the once "economically deprived" to qualify for extensive credit. And the ubiquitous credit card has become a boon to black as well as to other Americans with a yen to get away.

"There is just no other way to do it," said Jackie Sams, an attractive New Yorker with Rockefeller Center, Inc. "I always had a dream of going to Bermuda. Many of my relatives and friends have begun to make regular trips there. I discovered that the islands are available to me as well. Now I think of Bermuda as my second home."

In recent years tight money has caused a noticeable falloff in travel by Americans, but during the same period the nonwhite market experienced marked gains. And, consequently, major hotels, convention and visitors' bureaus, and even Discover America and the Bicentennial commissions now pay more attention to green money than to black faces.

Once, when northern blacks heard the name "Mississippi," images of hostility, discrimination, and violence would fill their minds, but attitudes and experiences have changed so dramatically that not long ago a major hotel in downtown Jackson hoisted a thirty-foot-wide billboard across its roof proclaiming: "Welcome NAACP Conventioneers. Jackson Wants You."

After I had seen that sign, my mind drifted back to an earlier year when I had made my first visit to Mississippi. Cautiously I moved through the entrance of the hotel and approached the registration desk. An efficient white bellboy came up, took my bag, and on completion of registration led me to a comfortable room. Once he was gone, I bolted the door and sat down on the bed, fearfully waiting for some special brand of Mississippi violence—but it never came. It was so upsetting just *being* in Mississippi that I could not sleep. I sat up the entire night listening and waiting like a sentry guarding his post, except that I felt completely defenseless. By morning I was exhausted, more so mentally than physically.

Since that experience in Jackson, I have been South many times and my visits generally have been pleasant. After a time I even learned to relax. I have found that most restaurants, hotels, and public places are now open to all.

However, in 1968 I walked into a restaurant in Jackson with a group of young whites from New York. We had gone to Mississippi to interview Charles Evers (now mayor of Fayette) for a television taping. Evers was heading the Mississippi Challenge Delegation to the Democratic National Convention, which was later held in Chicago. The five of us—all well-dressed—were seated in the restaurant when a short, swarthy man in an open-necked shirt came to our table. He spread his arms wide, allowing his full weight to rest on our table.

"I'll serve ya'll," he said without anger, "but I won't guarantee you'll get through the meal." With every eye in the restaurant on us, including those of the black cook, we rose and bowed out.

Once outside, we discovered we had overlooked a sign that read: "We reserve the right to serve only those we

Claude Lewis worked as a reporter for *Newsweek*, NBC, and the late *Herald Tribune*. Currently he writes a biweekly column, "Like It Is," for the Philadelphia *Bulletin*.

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wish. This restaurant is not located on federal, state, or local property."

And once in Memphis I attempted to file some copy to the *Evening Bulletin* in Philadelphia for a story on the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. However, the Western Union operator refused to send my dispatches. When I insisted, she said, "Just a minute. I'm gonna call Tom."

"Who's Tom?" I asked.

"He's our policeman around here," she said in a manner that suggested a friendly relationship. Then she added, "You look like the kind that'll not stay around till Tom gets here."

Outside the Western Union office, *Washington Post* reporter Robert Maynard, also on assignment, was at the wheel of our car. I got in, and we left without ever having met Tom. My dispatches reached Philadelphia via telephone.

But things have changed so dramatically in most of the South that blacks now cross the Mason-Dixon Line with little concern for their safety. And while domestic travel has risen, travel abroad has skyrocketed. Airline executives estimate that the percentage of blacks on international flights has probably grown from about 1 per cent in 1965 to 4 or 5 per cent today. Most black travelers seek out the Bahamas, Jamaica, Barbados, other islands in the West Indies, Western Europe, the Holy Land, and West Africa.

"Some of the places to which blacks are flocking, particularly the new black nations in the West Indies and Africa where blacks rule, provide a psychological emancipation for black people," says Ben Carruthers, an expert on black travel and an editor of *Tuesday* magazine. Carruthers estimates 300,000 black travelers overseas spent more than $150 million on such trips in 1970.

Thousands of black Americans made individual as well as group pilgrimages to holy sites abroad in 1971. It is becoming rare for any major city in the world at the height of its tourist season not to have a number of black visitors from the United States. Discrimination is minimal.

"The only places that blacks consciously avoid," says Carruthers, "are such places as Rhodesia and South Africa and perhaps one or two others. Everybody knows the policies in those places, and blacks reason, 'Why spend our dollars in racist places?' Blacks are through trying to 'prove' they're worthy. They simply want to enjoy themselves free from sociological considerations, just like everybody else."

Blacks may yearn to be "like everybody else," as far as travel experiences go, but they constitute a special market that is being carefully catered to by a number of airlines and black entrepreneurs as well. More than eighty

WIT TWISTER NO. 273

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

His face is — — — — —, but streaked with chaff and dust,

And bits of — — — — — cling to his matted hair.

His fingers, rough with — — — — —, reach out in lust

To seize the girl who steps in, unaware.

A.S.

(Answer on page 24)

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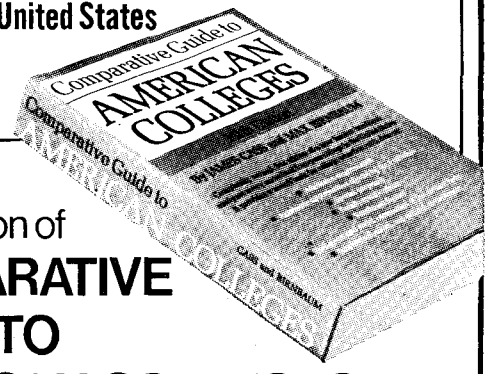

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black travel agencies are in operation in the United States. Among them are the Rodgers Travel Bureau in Philadelphia, which makes claims, at twenty-eight years, to being the oldest accredited black agency in the nation.

"The biggest problem of the black agency," says Irwin Early, the thirty-six-year-old manager of Rodgers, "is that black travelers generally lack the experience of others. As a result, they often pass us by because they think our service is going to cost them. They're unaware that the agent makes his fee directly from the airlines, steamships, or motor companies."

Another major problem for the black agency is that of image. Travelers often bypass black agencies for white outlets, although some observers think this will end.

J. Barrington Gayle, a partner along with Matthew B. Thomas at Modern Travel Agency in Philadelphia, is not so sure.

"I'd like to think that black pride would bring the black traveler to the small man trying to make it in this business. But we're passed by. They talk black pride, but many go directly to the airlines and the white agencies to make their bookings.

"They're just not putting their money where their mouth is. This is a tough business, and all we can really look for in most cases is business from our own people. People say it's going to change, and I certainly hope so. It breaks your heart to see your people walk by and do business outside the community."

Among the most successful agencies operated by blacks is I. G. T. Travel, owned by a forty-seven-year-old former New York City detective named Earl Jackson. I. G. T. Travel is one of the few black agencies to gross more than $1 million, catering almost exclusively to a minority clientele.

"The black traveler is hypersensitive, often because he just doesn't know what to expect," Jackson said recently. "Generally, he plays it safe by going first-class all the way. He wants to vacation in comfort and stay at the hotels he has heard about, places with a reputation for luxury and good service." Jackson once convinced a church group to stay at the Playboy Club at Ocho Rios, Jamaica, where photographs of nude playmates decorated the bar and bunnies with bulging cleavages offered poolside drinks. The parishioners had a ball and got first-class accommodations at the right price.

The major airline companies have become increasingly aware of the travel boom among blacks. Some have made a special effort to capture the "black market."

There is nothing subtle about this TWA brochure for a tour of London, Paris, and Madrid: "This morning visit the nonwhite communities of London, where thousands of darker people from all over the world live, work, study, and entertain. This is the London of Lord Constantine, George Padmore, Ira Aldridge, Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, Jomo Kenyatta, and many more Black giants of yesterday and today. Your tour will end with a tea party–get-together with personalities from the Black community in London. . . ."

Another appeal suggests: ". . . rap with Africans at a sidewalk cafe; sip a little wine with Black residents of Paris. . . . You'll be surprised how many soul folks speak Dutch and work and play in surprising Amsterdam . . . dig the now scene."

I personally have made several trips abroad. I spent time in North Africa, where I interviewed and visited with Eldridge Cleaver. I had memorable times in Paris. Switzerland and Italy even allowed me to push my blackness to the back of my mind and enjoy.

London was like the United States. Israel was fascinating, although I did experience a strangeness at seeing only one other black during my stay some eighteen months ago.

Still, there was no real feeling of being an alien. I felt different, but always welcome. The people were respectful, friendly, and very helpful. I suppose I was something of an anomaly in that determined country, but everyone made me feel at ease.

I have found that people in foreign lands are vitally interested in America's racial dilemma. "Tell me about it," they say. "How is it that all of you are Americans, but you do not like one another, the white and the black?" In many instances, the idea of discrimination based on skin color is beyond their comprehension.

Once in Israel I was invited to go on a radio program to discuss the problem so that the Israelis (who have their own problems with the Arabs) could get a better understanding of what it's like to be black in America.

In France the idea of discrimination as based on race is regarded with curious fascination. Everywhere I have traveled the color of my skin has appeared to be incidental, while until recently in nearly every city I visited in my native country the question of color hung in the air like a low, gray pall. Indeed, it has been more difficult to meet my fellow Americans than the people we call "foreigners."

The United States has several black-owned and operated resorts where blacks can be free from the petty harassments of a racist society. For years blacks have been making an annual pilgrimage to Oak Bluffs, Massachusetts, to bask in the sun and rub shoulders with the likes of such men as the late Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., Paul Robeson, and such famed performers as Ethel Waters.

Another traditional watering spot, the Afro-American Beach Resort, is about to embark on its thirty-ninth season under the Florida sun at Fernandina Beach. A sprawling 100-acre complex of beach-front property, which includes a twenty-two-unit motel and thirty-seven private summer homes, this resort is owned by the Afro-American Pension Bureau, which is made up of some 400 employees of the Afro-American Life Insurance Company of Jacksonville, Florida.

Black entertainer Peg-Leg Bates has been struggling to keep his resort in the Catskill Mountains region going, and he is winning the battle. He purchased his country club in Kerhonkson, New York, in 1952 at a cost of approximately $22,000. Today the property is valued at some $750,000. It's been a long, uphill struggle for Bates, who had trouble borrowing money, even though he had equity in his property. Bates, now sixty-four, probably would have retired from dancing long before he did a few years ago, but dancing was one of the sure ways he could get his hands on enough money to keep his business interest going.

"I've been going to Peg-Leg's place for years," said Michael Thomas, a beer distributor from Boston. "It's like home, without all the work. Besides, a lot of my friends from around the country go there, and we all get together for good times. Going there is the only real vacation I've ever had. It doesn't break your pocketbook, and you're guaranteed to have a good time. What more can you ask? And also you're free from worries about discrimination. It's not the fanciest place in the world, but, boy, when you go back home, you know you've been on vacation!"

Blacks increasingly are taking advantage of oceanic travel. There was a time, not too long ago, when blacks were rarities on extended cruises. However, the growing pressures of business as blacks move into positions of responsibility make the easygoing, restful vacations more appealing to the newly affluent.

Figures based on population estimates from the Bureau of the Census show a gross national income for the black community of some $44 billion, of which some $39.6 billion is disposable. Best estimates indicate a black consumer expenditure of nearly $60 billion for the last year of this decade.

As Chicagoan Melvin Braithwaite, who has made several overseas trips and plans to go to Mexico this summer, says, "Once you had to be either rich or white to travel abroad. Now anyone can go. All you need today is some imagination, some determination, and a little money." □

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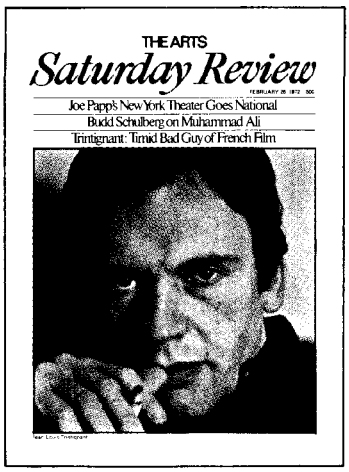
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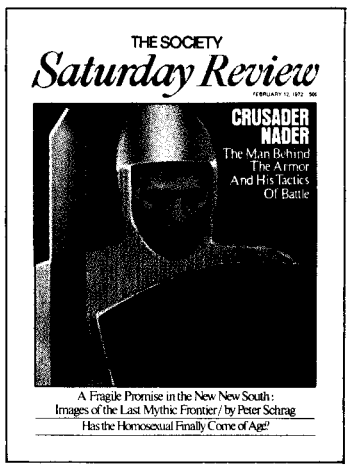
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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Future Schlock

The Justice Department recently filed an antitrust suit against the three television networks to prevent them from producing or having a financial interest in entertainment programing. The suit can affect not only the networks' future but also their past. If Justice wins, independent producers could sue the broadcasters to recover triple damages for all the subsidiary rights the networks have squeezed out of them.

Although these producers will get a fatter share of the profits derived from such programing, no one can be sure that the programs themselves will improve in diversity or quality. Some observers assert that a handful of decision-makers at the networks still will choose the programs and make them conform to advertisers' demands for mass audiences and high ratings. One FCC official commented: "It'll be a healthier industry but the same old *schlock*." Others argue that programs couldn't be any worse than they are now and that innovators will have a chance to express more creativity in programing. These optimists point to the great changes that have come about in moviemaking since the courts broke the anticompetitive bond between the studios and the exhibitors.

The networks and the newspapers have fought back, needless to say, demonstrating how they can color the issues in a controversy by manipulating their coverage. CBS beat Justice to the story's release and misrepresented the suit as an attempt to return program control to advertisers. The press generally echoed the standard communications industry line. Accusations were made that the suit was politically motivated (the administration wanted the ITT story out of the headlines, it was said, and also wished to intimidate the networks in this election year). The charges may or may not be true, but the action has been considered for at least ten years, and Justice has repeatedly advised the FCC that there were antitrust violations and that it would act if the commission wouldn't. The Justice Department staff may have found a convenient time to move, and the Nixon administration didn't deter it.

The Antitrust Division is not concerned with program quality but with restraint of trade. Its action, should it succeed (the judicial road is long and rough, stretching perhaps four or five years ahead), would not effect any real change in programing. The crucial tie involving program choice is, not the one between the networks and the producers, but that between the networks and the stations, which allow the networks to act as brokers for them, completely delegating their own decision-making responsibility. That tie, one of the pillars of our commercial system, is not under attack in this Justice Department action. William S. Paley, chairman of the board of CBS, conceded this point at a recent stockholders' meeting when, speaking of the antitrust suit, he said: ". . . even if [the issues at stake] should be decided in favor of the Justice Department, assuming that our responsibility for our network schedule remains generally intact, the economic impact on CBS would be minimal."

The public does, however, have a chance to win some goodies for itself from the antitrust suit. Public-interest organizations (American Civil Liberties Union, labor and church groups, the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, etc.) could intervene in the Justice Department action and reap some benefits from a pretrial phase of the suit. The public-interest groups could become parties to the suit and make motions. They could seek to expand the proposed Justice Department remedies to include the content of entertainment programs. They could ask to examine network records, correspondence, and memos that would shed light on how the process of creative control affects the manner in which social and political ideas are presented, even in entertainment programs. Such information is germane to the legal case, and efforts to get it could not be dismissed as a mere "fishing expedition." An officer of the Hollywood branch of the Writers Guild of America recently testified at a Senate hearing that censorship of social and political ideas is very obvious in television's entertainment programing. Disclosure of how such censorship works and proposals of appropriate remedies would be a real bonus for the public interest.

This column brings to a close a long and rewarding relationship that I have enjoyed with readers of *Saturday Review*. The magazine, I am told, is planning a major change in format in the near future. I seize the opportunity to take a holiday and to sign off now with gratitude for past opportunity to serve "the public interest, convenience, and necessity." □

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Audio

Ivan Berger

The Millennium Will Be a Little Late This Year.

RCA's April announcement of their Quadradisc four-channel record's imminent release temporarily stole the spotlight from Columbia's SQ four-channel disc. Now the two systems will share the spotlight—until one manages to elbow the other offstage.

The better system, we assume, will win. But at the moment it's hard to tell with real assurance which system that will be. Despite announcements on both sides that the millennium is here, neither system is perfect. But both are good.

Ironically, I would not yet have put my finger on SQ's subtle, yet significant, flaw had CBS not treated me to a thorough, fair, comparative demonstration of the disadvantages of RCA's system. And the RCA discrete disc's defects are the more obvious: length and (to a lesser extent) level. Four-channel matrix records like SQ can be made as long and loud as normal stereo records. RCA's discs can't—yet. The inaudibly high modulations that carry the RCA Quadradisc's four-channel decoding instructions become too small for the playback stylus to track if the inner groove is run in as close to the record label as it can be in stereo—or in SQ. This limits Quadradisc to only twenty minutes per side, about the same as on the first stereo discs.

But today's stereo records may on occasion run as long as thirty-six minutes per side. And, according to Columbia, 76 out of 100 classical sides in a random sampling ran longer than the RCA Quadradisc's twenty-minute maximum. Popular material, where one might expect shorter sides, conforms to the classical-music pattern: Sampling *Billboard*'s top ten LPs in March, Columbia found six of the ten records—and eight of the twenty sides—to exceed twenty minutes. And thirty-one of the first ninety-two sides released on SQ exceeded twenty minutes also, though the SQ repertoire is weighted heavily toward popular music. So while RCA's Quadradiscs will cost no more per disc than stereo records, they will on the average cost more per minute of music. But RCA does claim that 87 per cent of all their recorded material will fit on Quadradiscs now, and they're shooting for 90 per cent.

One way they can pack more music in is to record it at a lower level; louder grooves are wider grooves, and they take more space than soft ones. By decreasing the Quadradisc's overall level by 3 db, one can extend it to twenty-three minutes' duration; by lowering the level 10 db, one might extend it to thirty minutes. But this lower level would be unacceptable—especially since Quadradisc's level is already lower, apparently, than that of equivalent stereo discs. Direct comparisons between RCA's first Quadradisc release, the Hugo Montenegro *Godfather* album, and an RCA stereo Montenegro release, played on matched Stanton cartridges, showed the Quadradisc noticeably lower in level. CBS claims the difference is 6 db, and RCA claims it isn't there at all. SQ discs, on the other hand, are equal in level to their stereo equivalents.

The RCA disc's level difference isn't too noticeable if you hear the record by itself, played on a good system. Even when intermixed with stereo records, the change in level probably won't be enough to make you leap from your chair to adjust the volume, but it might make you vaguely want to.

Of course, the demodulators that convert the Quadradisc signal to four channels might be adjusted to boost the level automatically when in the four-channel mode. But I suspect this would create problems with worn or dirty records since the noise level would be raised as well. And it still wouldn't help the listener who plays an RCA Quadradisc in stereo.

Both RCA and CBS discs *can* be played like stereo records on normal stereo equipment. Both will sound like good stereo records, but neither will sound exactly like their stereo equivalents. SQ discs, so far, come closest. Heard in stereo, their frequency balance is subtly unlike that of their stereo counterparts (though by less than the difference between two good phono pickup cartridges); their positioning of sound sources within the stereo field is less precise; and the width of their stereo fields may be either wider or narrower than that of the tantamount stereo discs.

RCA's Quadradiscs have no precise stereo equivalents since RCA does not release the same material on stereo and quadraphonic discs as Columbia does. Moreover, the release version of the *Godfather* album (much improved over the test pressing distributed last November) hasn't been in my possession long enough for thorough evaluation. But I can tell that sound panned around the quadraphonic circle doesn't present as realistic an effect in stereo play as does the same material on an SQ disc played in stereo; the "hole in the middle" I heard on the test pressing is at least partially, perhaps wholly, filled on the release disc.

The incompatibilities between stereo and either system are minor, but the differences between the two four-channel systems themselves are still big. The two systems could be made mutually compatible (and the Quadradisc more compatible with stereo), says CBS Labs' Dr. Benjamin Bauer, if RCA were to process the audible portion of its disc through an SQ matrix and use a complementary matrix on its inaudible instruction carrier. (Nippon Columbia, no relative of CBS, is showing a similar system.)

The probability of RCA's adopting Dr. Bauer's suggestion is practically nil. RCA's John Pudwell says that addition of SQ to the Quadradisc system would not improve stereo compatibility, but would compromise it.

If combination discs are improbable, combination converters, luckily, are not. Kenwood and Pioneer, at least, are licensed to produce equipment for both systems. And though neither company has announced plans to make dual-system adaptors, it's not too unlikely that they or others will—at least for however long both systems coexist.

But Bauer's compromise suggestion would in no way impair the Quadradisc's "discrete" quality, its greater quadraphonic separation. And separation is Quadradisc's advantage. For the discrete disc is able—as SQ apparently is not—to establish a solid sound field *within* the perimeter of the four speakers. And that's important.

My own faith in four-channel sound dates from the first time I heard this little-known effect—oddly enough, on one of the Acoustic Research experimental tapes that got four-channel going. I heard it again on the new Montenegro Quadradisc, and my faith was refreshed. But CBS could not evoke it in their SQ processing of the same material.

Given today's common four-channel recording setups—a concert in front with "ambience" in back, or a rock band surrounding us like movie Indians around a wagon train—there's no need for this effect. And I suspect few engineers are yet aware of it. But I suspect four-channel's future as a new artistic medium may rest with this effect: operas whose Wotans and Pagliaccios brush elbows with us, music whose notes dance and hover at our ears. Give us a quadraphonic disc system that reproduces this as well as Quadradisc, yet as practically as SQ, and we will proclaim the four-channel millennium. But not yet, nor this year. □

Answer to Wit Twister, page 17: swart, straw, warts.

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J. Edgar Hoover Was a Superadministrator, But What Is His Legacy?

The FBI Must Be Depoliticized, Says a Critic

BY VICTOR S. NAVASKY

During his lifetime J. Edgar Hoover had an unfortunate habit of libeling the dead. *Vide,* his post-mortems on Harry Dexter White, Martin Luther King, and Robert F. Kennedy. Now that Mr. Hoover is himself dead, no useful purpose is served by following his precedent. But, because he incarnated the agency that he headed and served for forty-eight years, and because the role of that agency is now up for redefinition (What *should* be the proper relationship between a secret police organization and an open society? What sort of man *ought* the new director to be?), it would be irresponsible to banish to some Butte, Montana, of the national consciousness those very aspects of Mr. Hoover's career that, although they do his reputation least credit, may help illuminate the contradictions inherent in the agency he has left us.

By all means let us celebrate, in traditional fashion, the virtues of the deceased: His round-the-clock dedication to his job; his patriotism; his invention of the central fingerprint repository,

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Victor S. Navasky, a freelance writer, is the author of *Kennedy Justice.*

His Achievement Was "Unparalleled," Says an Admirer

BY JAMES L. BUCKLEY

The distinguished American philosopher and writer John Courtney Murray, discussing a community's need to defend itself, once wrote:

> The necessary defense against barbarism is, therefore, an apparatus of state that embodies both reason and force in a measure that is at least decently conformable with what man has learned, by rational reflection and historical experience, to be necessary and useful to sustain his striving towards the life of civility.

Father Murray's words could well have been written about J. Edgar Hoover's concept of law and justice. He knew that a free society depends on law and a respect for law, and that these in turn depend on the maintaining of the balance between force and reason. He personified this understanding in every aspect of his long career in law enforcement.

Yet, this man who truly created an "apparatus of state that embodies both reason and force" was the victim of some of the most intemperate attacks to be made on a public figure in recent American history. It would indeed be

James L. Buckley is the Conservative-Republican senator from New York.

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It might clean the air and be money saving, too, to let every citizen read, review, and comment on his own FBI file.

miraculous if a man who was in the public eye for more than fifty years had no critics, but Hoover's latter-day critics seemed obsessed with the need to denigrate the man and his achievements. On the occasion of his death, then, a look at the criticisms leveled at him, particularly in recent years, might well tell us something not only about J. Edgar Hoover but about the nature of contemporary public debate and, therefore, of "the life of civility" in our nation at the present time.

Fortunately for the United States of America, but unfortunately for his critics, J. Edgar Hoover's long stewardship of the FBI was of an excellence not often found in public life.

The story of his appointment as acting director of the FBI in 1924 has become an American legend, for it serves to remind us of not only what kind of man Hoover was but what kind of an organization he envisioned. When asked for the conditions under which he would accept the job, he replied:

> The bureau must be divorced from politics. It must no longer be a catchall for political hacks. We must base every appointment on merit. We should make promotions on proved ability only, and the bureau should be responsible to no one but the Attorney General.

Perhaps Hoover's worth was summed up best by remarks made about him on September 28, 1967. The speaker quoted Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Every institution is but the lengthened shadow of a single man," and went on to praise the institution Hoover had built as one "unsurpassed in government in the excellence of its performance. . . . Of all the agencies that could have reached this level of excellence, the American people can be grateful that it was the FBI because of the dependence of our people upon its performance for both their personal security and their liberty. Of all the attributes of the excellence demonstrated by the FBI, perhaps none is more impressive than the balance that is always shown. Here, contrary to expectation, perhaps to many evaluations of human nature, there is no quest for empire."

The critics of Hoover might find such praise all the more instructive, considering its source: Ramsey Clark.

The unique esteem in which Hoover was held by the overwhelming majority of the American public was evidenced in the fact that his body was brought to the Capitol Rotunda to lie in state, an honor, according to *Newsweek*, "ordinarily reserved for Presidents, the giants of Congress, and war heroes."

However, despite Hoover's unparalleled record of achievement, Senator George McGovern, according to Stewart Alsop, called Hoover "a menace to personal citizens" and "a chief obstacle to proper law enforcement." Dr. Benjamin Spock called Hoover's death "a great relief," and Gus Hall, general secretary of the Communist party, U.S.A., said Hoover was "a servant of

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT PRYOR

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racism, reaction, and repression" and "a political pervert."

Why did J. Edgar Hoover bring forth such rage from those who disagreed with the verdict of a Gallup Poll taken last year, showing that Mr. Hoover's performance was judged "excellent" or "good" by 80 per cent of those who held an opinion about him?

There were those who simply did not like his personality. On the one end—indeed the very edge—of the ideological spectrum, the United Klans of America, in the magazine *The Fiery Cross*, said of those who allegedly shared Hoover's personality traits, "All of these people . . . are dregs of humanity and helpless tools of Satan."

This diabolic explanation was not, of course, adopted by the critics of the Left. They instead fell back on a new form of secularist demonology to explain what they felt were the indelible blots on Hoover's personality. He was, we were told, an "authoritarian personality." Leaving aside the intriguing question of whether or not the director of the FBI should possess the personality characteristics of some liberated spirit (Abbie Hoffman, perhaps?), the use of "authoritarian," with its sinister overtones of "fascist," seemed to evidence a deep-rooted need to destroy Hoover's public reputation on the part of those who could find no fault in his public record.

Others did not like Mr. Hoover's insistence, somewhat unfashionable in a permissive age, on the fact that some persons, after all, do deliberately commit criminal acts, and that they must either be stopped from doing so or be brought swiftly to justice if they have.

There were liberal critics who found Hoover's warnings against Communist attempts at subversion in our country to be anathema, as it is a dogmatic article of liberal faith, without adherence to which no public figure can gain salvation, that no such threat exists.

The anti-Hoover criticism did attain, in some cases, a kind of sophistication. There was the "before-and-after" ploy, for example, which gave the critic a chance to appear to be fair-minded ("Hoover was all right when he was chasing gangsters back in the Thirties and Nazis in the Forties") while at the same time giving him an opportunity to savage Hoover ("But in recent years, alas, he has become a threat to civil liberties, a dictator, etc., etc."). Pressed for details to support their claim that "Hoover-before" was in some important sense different from "Hoover-after," the critics would mumble something about the need for early retirement on the part of public officials—excluding, of course, Justice Douglas.

Still others claimed—and continue to claim—that Hoover created an anti-civil liberties organization that, in the words of the *New York Post*, "increasingly allied . . . with reactionary and often oppressive political operations." Thus, when a prominent Democratic congressman[1] said he would prove on the floor of Congress that the FBI tapped the phones and bugged the offices of congressmen, the anti-Hooverites shivered in anticipatory delight. Of course, when the moment of truth came, no proof was offered by the congressman and for very good reason—he had no proof to support his charges.

In October of 1971, a group calling itself the Committee for Public Justice convened a conference on the FBI at Princeton University. Invited to attend, Hoover wrote to one of the conference chairmen, "I recalled with some amusement the story of the frontier judge who said he would first give the defendant a fair trial and then hang him." Hoover's estimate of the objectivity of the conference was, of course, correct. For two days the forty-odd lawyers, scholars, and journalists who formed the group set about confirming the hypothesis that had brought them together in the first place, namely, their concern that the nation had entered "a period of political repression." About the only discordant voice to be heard at the conference was that of Frank G. Carrington, executive director of the Americans for Effective Law Enforcement, whom *The New York Times* was quick to identify as "one of the patently pro-FBI participants"—in contrast, no doubt, to the scholars and gentlemen who dominated the proceedings with their unbiased evidence of FBI intimidations.

Perhaps anti-Hoover criticism was best symbolized by the columnist[2] who sent one of his assistants to rummage through Mr. Hoover's garbage in the hope of finding something politically as well as physically odorous. But even Hoover's garbage proved not to be useful to his critics. Hoover, in short, was, by even the most rigorous standards, an exemplary public servant whose career was unblemished, a fact attested to by eight Presidents of diverse ideological and philosophical views.

Yet, on the very day that the body of J. Edgar Hoover lay in state in the Capitol Rotunda, a columnist[3] writing in a New York City newspaper wrote:

> And so J. Edgar Hoover is gone at last. . . . And if you believe in human freedom, you must say that we are better off in America with Hoover gone.
> There was no single worse subversive in this country in the past thirty years than J. Edgar Hoover. This man subverted our faith in ourselves, our belief in an open society, our hopes that men and women could live in a country free of secret police, of hidden surveillance, or persecution for political ideas. We now live in a country where few people feel free to talk openly on a telephone, because Hoover's secret police might be listening. We live in a country where every political move we make must be considered in light of what the FBI might think.

There is, I admit, a very strong temptation to dismiss such a statement as paranoid nonsense, pure and simple. But the fact is that the statement is representative of the need on the part of many of Hoover's critics to perpetuate their fantasies about him, even after his death, at the expense of truth and, in the case cited above, in a manner calculated to disgust all but the most hardened anti-Hoover fanatics.

I am convinced that the criticism made of J. Edgar Hoover during recent years tells us more about the intellectual and moral values of the critics and of the current level of public debate in America than it does about Mr. Hoover. Those values, in turn, spring in many cases from certain fashionable intellectual and moral dogmas held by those to whom Hoover's insistence that the FBI operate in line with what *The New York Times* called "his Victorian image" was an abomination.

Mr. Hoover, in short, was not what the British call "trendy." He was not, as they say (or used to say, at any rate) "with it." In an age in which the new journalist has exiled objectivity from the news columns in favor of "committed" (i.e., openly partisan) reporting, there are those who cannot understand, let alone rationally judge, a man whose idea of public service was rooted

[1]Hale Boggs
[2]Jack Anderson
[3]Pete Hamill

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in precisely those concepts of objectivity and nonpartisanship that brought the highest praise from such a wide variety of sources.

When the last criticism of Hoover disappears into the annals of public invective, there to be studied at some future date by those who would know the temper of our times, Hoover's commitment to nonpartisanship, professional integrity, and patriotic dedication will still be inspiring the Federal Bureau of Investigation as it did during his lifetime.

His personality, his "Victorian" image, his alleged sins of omission and commission—all of these will be forgotten. What will remain and what will continue to shape the FBI for years to come is his vision of public service as one of the highest of vocations and, like all vocations, one infused with meaning and purpose only so far as its principles are not confused with those of other callings. Partisanship is needed in public affairs but has no place in public service. The recognition of this elementary—but seemingly forgotten—fact was the foundation upon which J. Edgar Hoover built one of the world's greatest law enforcement agencies.

At a time when many Americans are beset by doubt, by a loss of faith in ourselves and in our basic institutions, J. Edgar Hoover's legacy can well serve as a guide to us all. □

The FBI Must Be Depoliticized, Says a Critic

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the FBI crime laboratory, the FBI academy at Quantico, the national fraudulent check file, the national automobile altered numbers file, and the Ten Most Wanted Men list; his professionalization of a previously demoralized and corrupt organization; his personal incorruptibility and scandal-free record as spy catcher, kidnap foiler, gangbuster, Klan infiltrator, and so on and so forth. And perhaps most impressive of all, the control he exercised over his agents and the overall restraint with which he exercised his awesome power. When I asked one of the Kennedy people why they hadn't given serious thought in the early Sixties to replacing him, I was told, "The real problem in getting rid of Mr. Hoover was finding a replacement. If you took someone he approved of, what had you gained? If you took someone he disapproved of, there would be chaos. Whatever you may think of Mr. Hoover, he has the allegiance of the agents and absolute control of the bureau. Without that sort of control, it is potentially a highly dangerous organization."

But let us not forget that this superadministrator, this custodian of the nation's security, this librarian of our indiscretions, this presidential confidant, was the same man who called Dr. King a "notorious" liar, Father Berrigan a kidnaper, former Attorney General Ramsey Clark a jellyfish. He blackmailed Robert Kennedy into authorizing the tapping of Dr. King's telephone (by threatening to release a file on Dr. King's private life that the Kennedy administration thought might jeopardize passage of its civil rights bill); in the late Fifties and Sixties he approved —without giving adequate notice to his nominal superior, the Attorney General —illegal electronic surveillance; for years he overemphasized the threat of domestic subversion and underestimated the strength of syndicated crime; and at a time when the bureau wasn't doing anything about wholesale violations of civil rights, he dispatched so many undercover men to infiltrate the Communist party that, according to one agent's estimate, more than half the dues-paying members of CPUSA were FBI informants.

Trivia collector, long-distance eavesdropper, obsessive cold warrior even before there was a Cold War, item planter, document leaker, bureaucratic blackmailer, Mr. Hoover created the agency in his own image and made it clear that "Any attack upon an FBI employee who is conscientiously carrying out his official duties will be considered an attack on me personally." Since to attack Mr. Hoover personally meant to attack, in the words of my favorite citation, a "fearless fighter and implacable foe of the godless tyranny of cancerous Communism," criticisms of Mr. Hoover were interpreted and treated by Mr. Hoover's FBI as attempts to undermine the never-ending battle against the Communist menace.

How does one measure the impact, not to mention the ripple effect, of such a record? I have never met a civil rights leader who wasn't convinced that the FBI was tapping his telephone; yet common sense tells us that the FBI lacks the man power to tap them all. How much has Hoover's FBI contributed to this institutionalization of paranoia? Some students of the bureau trace our involvement in Vietnam, our invasion of Cuba, our nonrecognition of Communist China in part to the virulent anti-Communism so effectively promoted by the late director. Pat Watters and Reese Cleghorn, in *Climbing Jacob's Ladder*, make a compelling case for the proposition that the FBI's apparent hostility to the civil rights workers of the early and mid-Sixties may have been an important factor in fragmenting the movement and souring the most idealistic of its members, especially the blacks, on the possibilities of working within the system. Jerry Skolnick's report for the Violence Commission concluded that Hoover helped spread the view among police ranks that mass protests are due primarily to a conspiracy promulgated by agitators, often Communists, "who misdirect otherwise contented people," and that this attitude contributed in the late Sixties to the politicization of the police and to police violence.

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One New York columnist wrote that there was "no single worse subversive in America than J. Edgar Hoover."

Obviously, it is inflating even the late J. Edgar Hoover's importance to credit him with the Bay of Pigs fiasco, the war in Vietnam, the police riots in our ghettos, the demise of the civil rights movement, and the rise of black nationalism, but it is appropriate that such speculation be placed in Mr. Hoover's file and be subjected to further analysis before that file is closed.

Now that President Nixon has decided to appoint a temporary director, leaving the final choice to whoever is elected President in November, the more immediate question is, What can be done to preserve the bureau's independence from politics and, at the same time, to make it more responsive to policy and prevent a recurrence of Mr. Hoover's excesses? For starters, Congress, which has been heard from only intermittently—Congressman Hale Boggs complained about FBI wiretapping when he thought the FBI was tapping *his* wires, Congressman Cornelius Gallagher complained about FBI file leaking when he thought the FBI had leaked *his* file—should reassert its right to audit the bureau. In 1962 Representative John Rooney, chairman of the subcommittee that theoretically oversees the FBI budget, announced at the annual appropriations hearing: "The confidence which the committee has in the Federal Bureau of Investigation under the highly capable and efficient leadership of Director J. Edgar Hoover is best illustrated by the fact that this is the tenth consecutive year that not one penny of the funds he has requested of the committee has been denied. . . ." Now that Mr. Hoover is no longer around, perhaps they will take a more skeptical look at the whole FBI operation. Among the questions they ought to consider (I assume *another* committee will consider whether a time limit ought to be placed on the new director's service) are:

1) Whether the same agency ought to be engaged in fact gathering in the criminal area and counterintelligence work in the national security area;

2) Whether *any* agency ought to be engaged in the surveillance of domestic political organizations and, if so, under what conditions and with what restraints;

3) Whether it's fitting and proper—not to mention efficient—to include among circa 9,000 agents fewer than 100 blacks and no women;

4) Whether it might not be air clearing and money saving to let every citizen read, review, and comment on his own file.

At present, Congressman Rooney's appropriations committee uses specially detached FBI agents to investigate the FBI, and it is based on their findings that the bureau's budget has been approved without question for the past twenty years, an arrangement that some traditionalists might find violates the spirit of the separation of powers doctrine. Perhaps the committee would be better advised this time around to employ a team of Nader's Raiders. If they don't do this, somebody else should. □

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Editorial

Risk and "Restraint" in Indochina

Perhaps the most incredible statement in President Nixon's May 8 speech on Vietnam was this one:

> Throughout the war in Vietnam the United States has exercised a degree of restraint unprecedented in the annals of war.

Restraint? We have grown discouragingly accustomed to the abuse, misuse, and even nonuse of words. But this was a rather blatant example, even coming from a politician. I assume the President meant that because we never supported an invasion of North Vietnam, because we never breached the Red River dikes, because we never resorted to nuclear weapons, because, in short, we never totally laid waste the country, we can congratulate ourselves for our unprecedentedly civilized behavior.

Still, it requires an extraordinary insensitivity to the language to talk of "restraint" when we have dumped twice as many tons of explosives on South Vietnam alone as we did in all combat zones during all of World War II, when we have contributed to the killing or maiming of hundreds of thousands—if not millions—of civilians, when we have turned countless acres of once-lush forests and farmlands into hideous moonscapes, barren and brown-hued. A recent study in *Scientific American* magazine estimated that U.S. bombers and artillery pieces have, in the past seven years, scarred the South with no fewer than *twenty-one million* craters in which nothing grows or will grow for years. That scarcely sounds like restraint. Nor does the word ring true when we consider that the Vietnam War is the longest in our history and, in terms of battle deaths, the fourth-costliest (after World War II, the Civil War, and World War I, in that order).

There were a number of other linguistic debasements in the President's speech. Apart from his invocation of God, which gave the whole speech an unfortunate undertone of righteousness and evoked an image of the Christian Crusades, there was his repeated reference to the "arrogance" of the North Vietnamese. I half-expected him to resort next to such words as "impudence" and "presumptuousness."

To be sure, Hanoi's massive, Panzer-like thrusts into the South placed the President in an extremely difficult position—and that in itself is enough, I suppose, to convict the North Vietnamese of arrogance. His position was complicated further by the imminence of his trip to Moscow, because Soviet arms, if not advice, played a major role in enabling the North Vietnamese to mount their widespread attacks. To a great extent, Nixon's decision to mine the approaches to North Vietnam's ports and to interdict rail routes to China hinged on the Soviet involvement. The President was convinced that Moscow could have—and should have—tried to persuade Hanoi to relax its rigid position at the negotiating table in Paris. Not only did the Russians fail to do so, they went in the opposite direction by furnishing the North Vietnamese with the armor, artillery, antiaircraft missiles, and petroleum they need to plunge the South into turmoil. This behavior, in the President's view, was of a piece with Moscow's increasingly active diplomatic and military role throughout Asia, from the Indian subcontinent and Indochina to Indonesia and Japan. "We expect you to help your allies," he told the Russians in his speech, "and you cannot expect us to do other than to continue to help our allies. But let us, and let all great powers, help our allies only for the purpose of their defense—not for the purpose of launching invasions against their neighbors."

Of course, there are a couple of things wrong with this reasoning. Namely:

1) Moscow sees North Vietnam's attacks on the South, not as an invasion, but as a legitimate attempt to reclaim what was denied to Hanoi when Saigon canceled elections that might have led to reunification in 1956.

2) Moscow's ability to pressure Hanoi—or Peking's ability, for that matter—may be very limited. I suspect that the popular image of the late Ho Chi Minh as an Asian Tito may be somewhat overdrawn, but he and his heirs have certainly gone out of their way to show their independence from the two Communist giants.

In any event, one of the ironies of the situation is that Nixon's own overtures to Peking may well have led to Moscow's increased arms deliveries to Hanoi. As long as Peking and Washington were at odds, Moscow felt relatively secure. While China and the United States have not become exactly bosom friends, even the first, embryonic signs of an improvement in their relationship were enough to alarm Moscow. In response the Soviets launched a vigorous diplomatic offensive all along the periphery of China.

The initial Soviet reaction to Nixon's new moves in Indochina was, if anything, quite mild. There were angry words from Tass, but there was also a smiling Soviet trade delegation in Washington even as the delayed-fuse mines were bobbing around in Haiphong Harbor. As of this writing, however, there remained the possibility that Moscow would cancel the President's visit, thereby delaying agreement on the strategic arms limitation treaty, among other things.

There is a chance that Nixon's gamble will work. But the fact remains that it is a gamble—and for what? Certainly not for the same stakes that in 1962 prompted John F. Kennedy to risk thermonuclear war by imposing a blockade on Cuba and demanding that the Russians remove their missiles. A distinct, direct threat to the U.S. security was involved then—and it was coming from America's own back yard. No such threat is involved in Vietnam. What is involved instead is what Nixon referred to as "honor"—and that is yet another example of linguistic abuse.

We have long since honored our pledge to do what we could to help the South Vietnamese stand on their own. If they prove unable to do so—and the abysmal performance of their million-man army seems to prove precisely that—the fault is theirs, not ours.

I hold no brief for the U.S. protesters who wave Vietcong banners and root for a North Vietnamese victory. Should Hanoi take over the South, there will doubtless be less corruption, but also more repression and authoritarianism—and I do not believe that the trade-off is necessarily a good one. Hanoi's rule, moreover, is unlikely to be millennial or even gentle, and those who think that it will are badly deluding themselves. Still, haven't we already done much, much more than we should have done to redeem a pledge that was made in another, different era—and that probably never should have been made at all?

Ronald P. Kriss

A NOTE TO THE READERS

Norman Cousins, our former associate, has announced his decision to launch a new magazine to be called *World*. Undoubtedly, a number of *SR* readers will also want to keep up with Mr. Cousins's new publishing venture. An announcement appears in this issue. We at *SR* offer Mr. Cousins and his associates our good wishes and congratulations.

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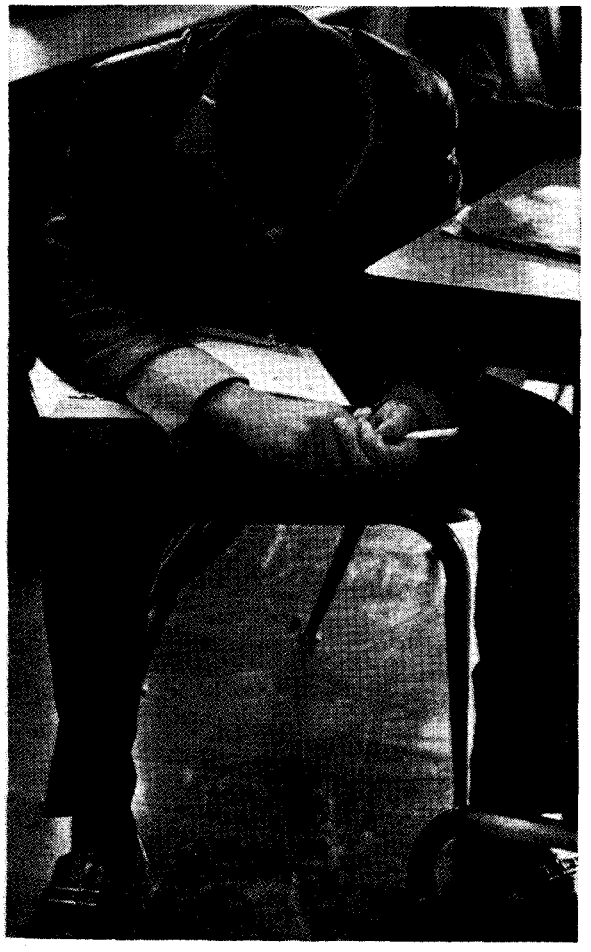
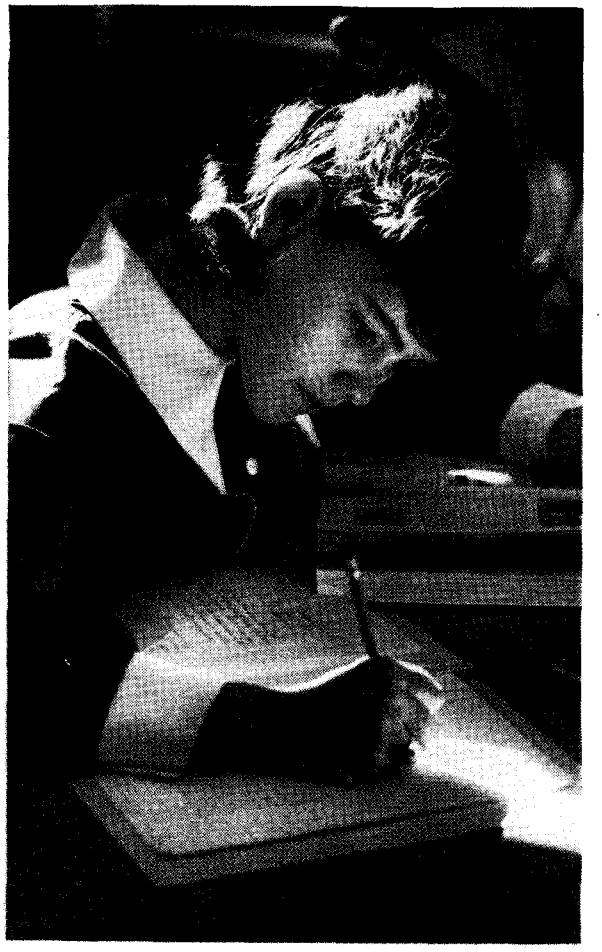
Saturday Review of
EDUCATION





She has been carefully groomed to function in a classroom. He has not. She, of course, is an "A" student. John tries hard—and gets a "C." "Education is only the image and reflection of society," Emile Durkheim wrote many years ago. "To expect it to overcome deficiencies in the whole social order is absurd." How can these students, so obviously from different socioeconomic classes, be given equal opportunity? Be evaluated equally? At least they are together in a classroom—and that, the evidence shows, may be the key not only to equality but quality in education. Who is the school? What really happens there to people?

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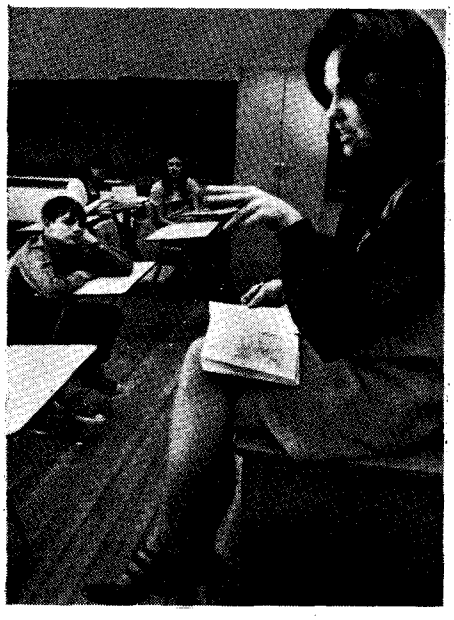
WHO IS THE SCHOOL?

The photographs on these several pages come from a Ph.D. thesis. They *are* the thesis. The photographer, Michael Sexton, received his doctorate on May 26 from the University of Iowa. For a year he taught full-time in a Denver inner-city school. He photographed continually—and the 3,000 prints that resulted show how much he became an "insider" in the institution known as the school. "*Who* is the School?" Sexton asks. "Does the institution change the selves of people? And how do they respond to their roles?" *SR* here offers selected examples of teachers and administrators—as changed.

"Some people have said this is an exposé of public schools," says Sexton. "I don't think it is. If anything, it's really an exposé of 'educational' bureaucracy and the ivory tower. Neither comes to grips with reality."

Sexton's photographs have been seen by a number of educators at conventions and elsewhere. " 'Oh, this is another of those New York schools,' some say. But some say right away, 'My God, this is *my* school.' The superintendent at Ocean Hill-Brownsville told me that, and so did a mother in Iowa City. 'No,' I say, 'this is a better Denver public school, a typical school.' That's why we chose Denver and this nonlabeled school. People cannot pass it off as another school in Spanish Harlem. This is their school, your school, and this is what is happening."

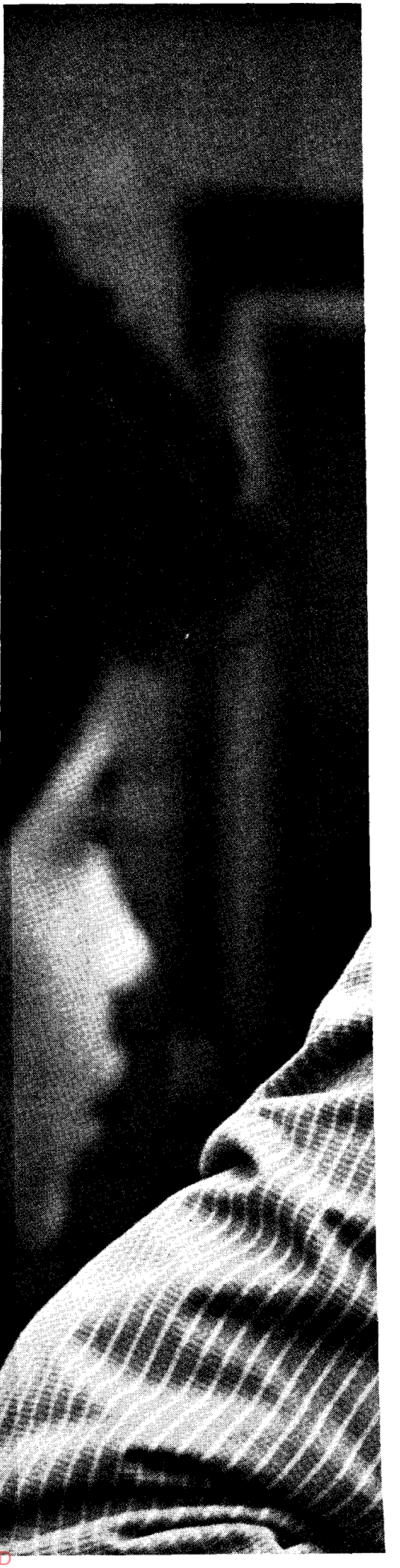


Soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre, but they are just as deadly in the long run.
MARK TWAIN

This is the period after lunch. A good-looking teacher and she's obviously intense in teaching whatever it is that she's teaching. But the poor kid, he's just wiped out. She could stand there in a bikini with bells on and nothing could shake him out of that.

We are dealing with the polarization of control versus innovation. At some point the school's organizational system of checks and balances became distorted in favor of control.

I call this the assistant principal stare. He's the disciplinarian. Eighty per cent of his job was that look, and he did it beautifully. With that look he just controlled people. In fact, there were many moments when he was quite human and understanding. But he had that look that could put people in their place, and it was a very effective tool in his job.



TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL SEXTON

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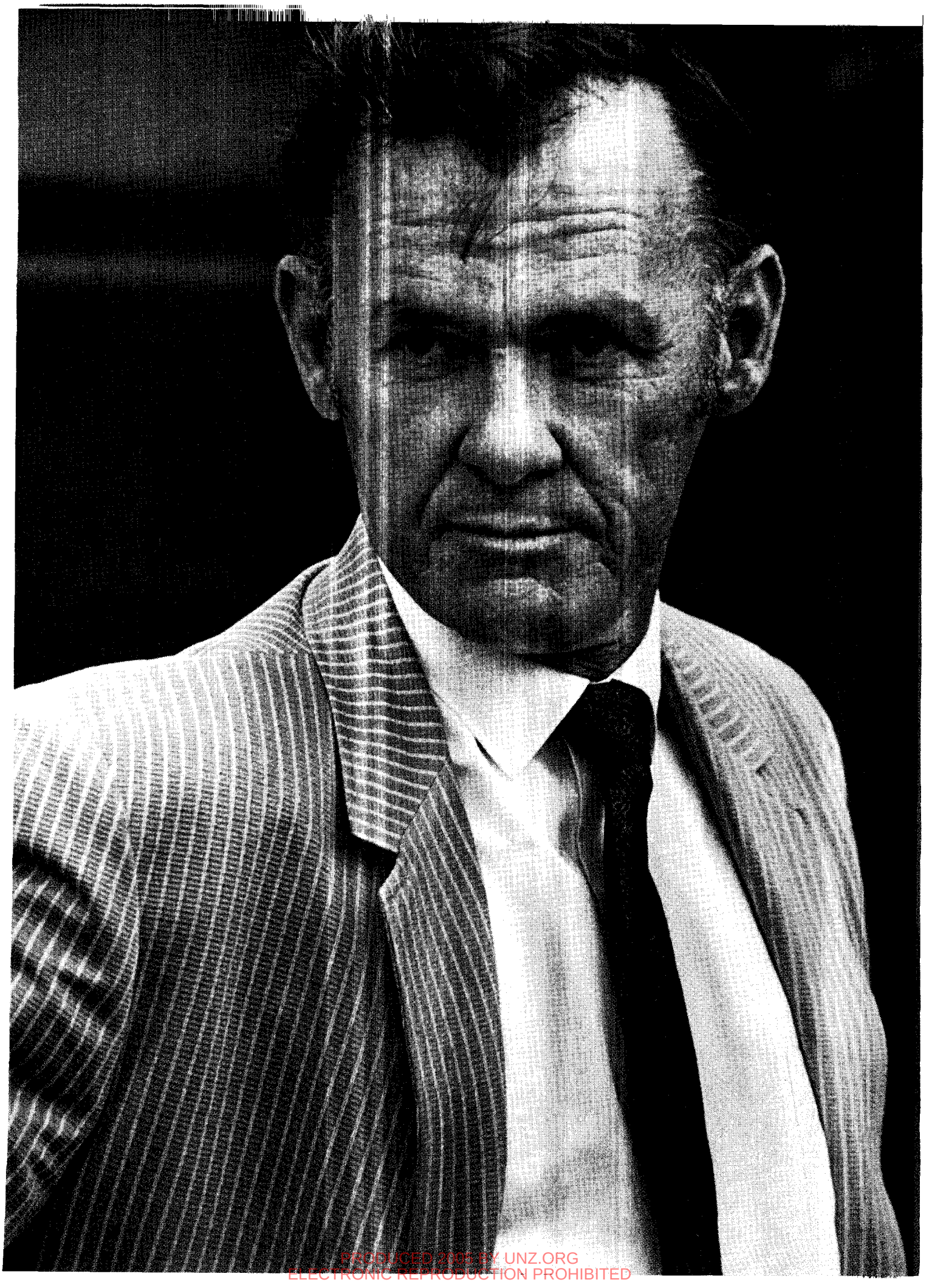

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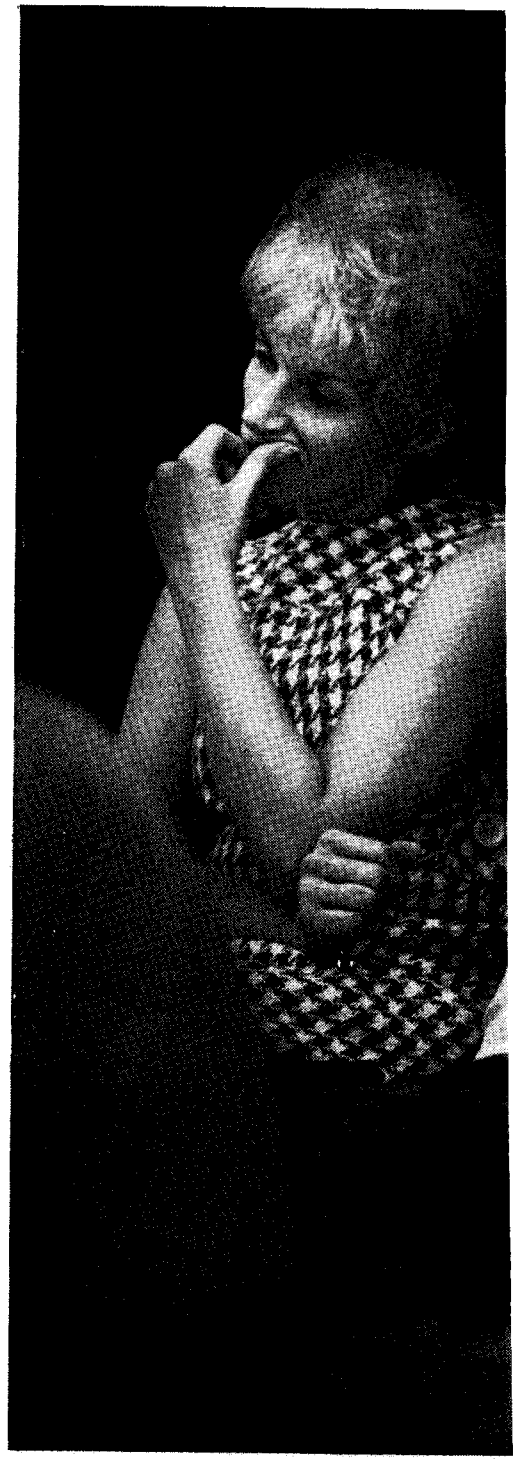
One of the great American myths is that some young, energetic teacher can change the system. First of all, like the junior senator, she has very little power. Secondly, no matter how dynamic she is, she will still face the real world, teaching 180 real children, most of whom she will never know. Downhill evolution is inevitable; one



It's very plain to see that these two women (above) are trying tremendously hard to communicate with their students. I was amazed that these teachers could come to school Monday morning with some kind of preparation, some particular lesson planned. Even at the end of February they have some kind of go left in them. Then (right) at a faculty meeting late in the week—all the fatigue is written on their faces. Two good teachers, two involved teachers. That is the real world.

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has only to look at the senior members of the faculty. After an initiation of fire, can we be left with a good teacher who despite indifference and defeats still persists in trying to teach with intensity? And if we are, by the end of the week that teacher is exhausted. How long can the really good teacher remain good?

As the faculty meeting moves along to new and exciting highs, the head counselor meticulously examines each movement of a fly as it travels across the desk top. You ask me what is the flaw. Well, bureaucracy in a city school system is bureaucracy. Its main goal is to survive, not to humanize or to educate. In fact, there's very little talk in public school about children learning. By February the sensitive schoolteacher of September has only one goal in mind—to survive, and to keep the class quiet because that's what counts for points with the administration.

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The question is whether it is better to be loved than feared. We might wish both, but if we must choose, it is safer to be feared than loved.
MACHIAVELLI

Someone said to me: "I've never seen an honest picture of a teacher really exhausted in a faculty lounge." At the time the picture didn't mean that much to me until someone else said, "Well, right in front of her is the Coke bottle, the great American symbol. And when that's gone, baby, there's nothing left."

Clutching a tissue, the principal is getting his rear end chewed out. Teachers had known him as a politician, the guy with an "in" downtown. And my picture shows the tension in the man. So it's not an exposé. The guy is getting his doseful, too. It's a very real world—even for the principal.

As a dissertation, Sexton's may be the first, at least in a graduate school of education, to be carried out as a photographic essay. His adviser, Dr. W. G. Monahan, says: "I believe that there is an art to administration as much as there is a science. I believe that the climate of a school organization could be as effectively characterized through an artistic medium as through some empirical, scientifically structured statistical measure." And he goes on to say: "Some teachers and administrators who have seen these pictures become disturbed and defensive. They say schools aren't like this, that schools are happy places where important things happen. They are right about that, of course. But schools are frequently insensitive institutions where children and youths and adults are almost totally ignored as human beings. We would like to feel there is a great pervasive feeling of belonging in a school, but in truth, more frequently than not, it just ain't so." □

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AL-JAMIAH AL-AMRIKIYYA

A "refugee's" year of immersion in the complicated ambience of the American University of Beirut where the motto reads: "That they might have life and have it more abundantly." BY SUHAIL IBN-SALIM HANNA

"Where to, sir?" asked the taxi driver leaning against a white Plymouth parked in front of Beirut's Phoenicia Hotel.

"America's University."

"The American University? You mean *al-Jamiah al-Amrikiyya*?"

"Right. How much to there?"

"Three pounds."

Quickly, the one-time Palestinian refugee calculated the dollar equivalent of three Lebanese pounds and agreed to the price. As a doctoral student, registered *in absentia* at a university in the Midwest, he planned to take up residence at the American University of Beirut. It would be a kind of home coming. Had he not emigrated to the United States years before, this is the university he would have attended. Now he had come ostensibly to do research for his doctoral dissertation on Lebanon's literary hero, Kahlil Gibran, but ultimately to explore the complicated ambience of student life at the American University.

"Main Gate, Medical Gate, Men's Dormitory—where to?" the driver inquired as he tooted and weaved his way through the crowded, slow-moving traffic and the dodging pedestrians.

"Main Gate, please," the refugee said, while glancing at the picture of the Virgin Mary stuck above the rear view mirror.

Soon the refugee stood in front of the high wall sheltering America's University from the hot November sun. Looking up, he noticed the engraving above the gate (the motto of the university), which read: "That they might have life and have it more abundantly." Students milled all around carrying books, dressed in bell-bottoms, suits, ties, minis, midis, maxis, boots, hot pants. Some were heading to classes, to coffee, or simply strolling along; others were pursuing a political argument, reading a fresh letter, greeting an old classmate, sharing the latest gossip.

Probably the best way to find out something about the university, he thought, is to get a catalogue and flip through it. Accordingly, he walked a few steps to College Hall, the administrative center of the university that bears, for a charm, a clock tower and, for an honor, the oldest cornerstone—1873. There he obtained the most recent bulletin.

Catalogue in hand, he wandered around the campus for a few moments, then found himself in the Milk Bar, a self-service snack shop adjacent to the university cafeteria. Reading through the catalogue, thick as the Gideon Bible, he immediately noticed that the chairman of the board of trustees was the president of Amherst, the college that he had attended. Of the thirty-three board members listed, only five had Arab or non-Western names. Reading through, he was conscious of its reflection of an American university in having all sorts of schools —Arts and Science, Medicine, Pharmacy, Nursing, Public Health, Agriculture, Engineering and Architecture; all sorts of administrators—deans, vice presidents, provosts, comptrollers, registrars, attorneys; all sorts of scholars—from Yale, North Carolina, Syracuse, Virginia, Lehigh, Vanderbilt, Oxford, Texas; all sorts of degrees—B.A.'s, M.B.A.'s, B.S.'s, M.S.'s, and the ultimate sanction of all scholars, the Ph.D.'s.

Historical sketches in college catalogues, usually warm tributes to the sagacity and perseverance of preachers in bygone years, always delighted the refugee, and the story of this university seemed especially delightful, for it boasted of an old Amherst graduate, an energetic preacher, Daniel Bliss by name, who in 1862 left his post with the foreign missions in Lebanon and re-

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turned to America to raise money for a college. His country, embroiled in a civil war, still managed to give him $100,000. Realizing the low value of currency from a war-torn nation, the Reverend Dr. Daniel Bliss went to England to raise a sterling fund. In 1866, after he had garnered £4,000, he sailed for Beirut, determined to establish in the land of the Ottoman sultan a college that, he would later say, "is for all conditions and classes of men without regard to color, nationality, race, or religion. A man, white, black, or yellow; Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, or heathen, may enter and enjoy all the advantages of this institution for three, four, or eight years, and go out believing in one God, in many Gods, or in no God. But it will be impossible for anyone to continue with us long without knowing what we believe to be the truth and our reasons for that belief."

For thirty-six years Daniel Bliss led the college and then entrusted it to his ordained son, Howard, another Amherst man, who governed it for eighteen years. Thus, between 1866 and the year 1920, the Blisses headed the fledgling institution then known as the Syrian Protestant College. When the search for a new president began in 1920, the college changed its name to the American University of Beirut.

Armed with this bit of historical information and the catalogue, the refugee left the Milk Bar and strolled around the tree-shaded campus set on top of a hill overlooking the Mediterranean. While walking, he casually flipped through the catalogue once again and took interest in its last appendix—the breakdown of the students by nationalities. From Aden to Yugoslavia, he counted seventy-three different nationalities and noted that the Palestinians were listed in a separate category from the Jordanians. In that appendix he encountered the first of a barrage of peculiarities at the American University that he attempted to resolve one by one.

Somebody with authority had slipped into that alphabetical listing of nationalities the word "Undetermined"—between Uganda and the United Kingdom—and claimed that eight students had such a classification. Having noted that Arabs and Americans work hand in hand in administrative matters, the refugee reasoned that these "Undetermined" students might represent the footprints resulting from that tug of war between American ingenuity and Arab inefficiency in the age of the computer. Such a rationale, at first glance, satisfied him, but after thinking about it, he concluded that those eight "Undetermined" students might well be undergoing an identity crisis and let it go at that.

Soon he found himself in the main area of the campus again. He entered the university's post office to buy stamps and register a letter dealing with his doctoral dissertation. While standing in line, he noticed a young man ahead of him wearing a blue windbreaker with the insignia of Hope College. "Hi, Hope! Where is that?" he punned.

"Michigan—Holland, Michigan."

"What are you doing here all the way from Hope?"

"I'm a JYA."

"What's that?"

"Junior Year Abroad."

"Tell me, where do you stay?"

"In the dorm."

"I wonder if I could get a room there; I'm just visiting here."

"Well, I can tell you this much: I know they have available beds, but whether or not they give them to visitors, I really don't know. I'll take you over to the dean of women's office—that's where the lady who takes care of the men's dorms is—and maybe she'll help you."

This tall, young man with long hair and a Fu Manchu mustache was one of many Americans the refugee would meet and ultimately identify with during his stay at America's University.

After they finished their transactions in the post office, the gentle and helpful fellow from Hope led the refugee to the office of the dean of women, and, as a parting thought, advised him that if he really wanted to stay at the dormitory, to claim that he was doing research and would like to use the university library. This the refugee did, saying that he was writing a doctoral dissertation on, of all writers, the Lebanese littérateur Kahlil Gibran. While Gibran's *The Prophet* had sold millions of copies, it has been savagely attacked as being shallow and sententious, and so he added that the object of his research was to set Gibran back on his pedestal. This claim, made to the Lebanese woman in charge, netted him a bed in the New Men's dormitory at the reasonable price paid by all full-time students.

Like the only other men's dormitory, New Men's overlooks the expansive Mediterranean. It rises seven floors high, with many balconies on each level. The male receptionist at the desk escorted the refugee to his room and presented him to his roommate, a Palestinian who had flourished in Kuwait, learned flying in England, picked up British babes at Piccadilly, and studied business administration at London University.

Some authority had slipped into the list of nationalities the word "Undetermined," claiming that eight students had such a classification.

At New Men's he remained for six months—November, December, January of the fall semester; February, March, April of the spring term. "Most of the chaps in the dorm," his roommate informed him, "are Palestinians, and some are hijackers." That must be true, the refugee felt, for he noticed signs and emblems of The Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, The Popular Democratic Front, and al-Fateh plastered all over the place—walls, pillars, bulletin boards, windows, doors, washrooms, elevators. "Palestine and not the late Nasser grips the passion of the Arabs" someone had written in Arabic on a sign below al-Fateh's clenched fist of solidarity.

After the refugee met two hijackers living on the same floor (one of them was a dormitory counselor in charge of activities), he came away with a fair understanding of their mission and tactics, but perplexed, unsure of his reaction toward their methods and, more particularly, toward the young men whose tense look, stripped of all smiles, reminded him of dejected pinball players who constantly made bad flips. To many Palestinians in the dormitory, however, the hijackers were heroes, a kind of super and special and hardy breed of *fedayeen* who delivered a most spectacular blow when the now-deceased leader of the Arabs tried to bargain away the Palestinian cause.

Besides Palestinians and hijackers, New Men's housed Jordanians. Shredding stickers, half-ripped signs, "Long Live Hussein" slogans scribbled on Palestinian posters—the work of Jordanians, the refugee thought. Proud Jordanians mixed with equally proud Palestinians created a reaction that, he felt, infused the atmosphere of the dormitory, indeed the university, with an uncomfortable, almost unbearable, tension. During his stay he witnessed two incidents that confirmed this feeling. One night a young Palestinian plastered a series of Fateh posters on a mirror in the dormitory bathroom that he shared with a Jordanian lad so that when the Jordanian shaved the next day, he would be unable to use the mirror. Infuriated by this stunt, which he noticed before he went to bed, the Jordanian attacked the Palestinian, who fought back with a few punches of his own. Responding to their screams, friends in nearby rooms rushed to the scene and established an uneasy truce. Late that night the

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dean of students, who's like a doctor on call duty, arrived on the scene and subdued this particular fury. The next day the Palestinian walked the campus in need of, ironically enough, a Moshe Dayan eye patch.

The second incident the refugee witnessed occurred one day in the Milk Bar at a table not far from where he was sitting. An argument about politics between a Jordanian and a Palestinian was shedding more heat than light. When the heat became intense, sparks —in the form of punches, coffee cups, books, trays, spoons, plates—started flying. Most people left the Milk Bar, but some remained and tried to stop the fight. "Politics, politics, politics," one Arab girl sobbed with her head resting on the bosom of a friend. "When is God going to rid us of this problem?"

When, oh God, when, when, *ya-Allah*? the refugee asked, feeling the utter anguish. He walked several yards to a park bench cemented near a tree hugged by a Fateh poster. There he whiled away the next hours listening to the Palestinian fight songs that were frequently piped through loud-speakers and could be heard all over the campus. On most days he paid as scant attention to the Palestinian's nationalistic themes as he had once paid to the bands at half time during football games. But the scene he had just witnessed at the Milk Bar shocked him, reminding him of his roots, and the shock penetrated deeply.

Later that day, while sipping coffee at a table in the corner of the Milk Bar, the refugee was joined by a young Iraqi. His dark beard and glazed eyes and the beret he always wore gave him the unmistakable look of Che Guevara. After clearing his thoughts with small talk, the Iraqi launched into a classic tirade on the university's students. "Disgusting, simply disgusting. It is nothing but blind imitation of the West. That's all it is. Look at all these girls decked in their minis and midis and maxis and their high boots and celluloid coats that look like the coats of fire fighters. And look at their male friends in ties and suits and what-not. Why, it makes one think this is a fashion show and not a university. I tell you, Paris and the world of fashions, not Plato and the market place of ideas, are on their minds. I've been here for six years now, and the scene is still the same. It even gets worse, more disgusting, as the years go by, for the fashions get uglier and uglier. Believe me, when these kids buy clothes, they're concerned not with how pretty the clothes look, but how expensive they appear. I tell you, they really imitate, for they want to have that Western touch, that elite look. Now you've got to understand that when kids from the underdeveloped countries imitate

The chaps in the dorm were mostly proud Palestinians, and some were hijackers, a hardy breed of "fedayeen" accorded hero status by the others.

kids from developed ones, they bait the political scientists who eat up these trends to beef up their concepts of westernization; they disturb the anthropologists whose discipline they threaten; and they warm the hearts of the sociologists by giving them something obvious to explain. And any observing sociologist will tell you that this imitation is of the crusty variety, just touching the surface, for the girls —and the boys out of pure necessity, I presume—are quite conservative, very Arabic and Eastern indeed. You should see this Milk Bar after a holiday, when the kids come back to school; they'll all be dressed in their brand new, latest-latest outfits. They'll go around and greet each other; the boys will kiss the boys, the girls will kiss the girls, and one gets the feeling all is well with the world. And by the way, it's not only the Lebanese who do this—that is to say, dress, like they're going to a night club when they go to class—but the Persians, the Turks, the Jordanians, the Cypriots, the Afghans, the Kuwaitis, the Bahrainis—they all follow suit."

"Which national group of the seventy-three do you find most interesting?" the refugee asked his friend.

"First of all, there really are seventy-two because, as things stand now, Jordanians and Palestinians form one national group, carrying one and the same passport. There is no such thing as a Palestinian passport, not yet anyway. To answer your question: I find the Pakistanis to be quite fascinating. There are more than 150 of them, and they stay in packs. Daily they're discharged to go to the periodical room with instructions to read all the papers and magazines written in English, and to underline all the Indian propaganda, and counter it by writing the truth in the margins of the guilty publications. If you want to be entertained or enlightened, read some articles that deal with Indian and Pakistani affairs and read the accompanying commentaries scribbled in *Time* or *The Economist* or *Newsweek* or the London *Times* or the *Herald Tribune*. Before they leave the room they also read *Dawn*, their English newspaper, and they never return it to its place. Instead, they leave it on the tables so others can read its fading print. Go down to the periodical room and you'll notice all this."

"I have, and I know what you mean."

"And their accents are phenomenal," the Iraqi continued.

"What about the Americans?" the refugee asked, adding: "It seems they're here in large numbers."

"Right. Out of the 4,000 students at the university, there are 250 Americans, maybe a little more, and they all stick out like unbandaged sore thumbs. Alongside all these fashion-conscious people, the Americans in their hippie ways look absolutely refreshing, absolutely comfortable, and absolutely sloppy. Some are even freaky in the Manson-*Easy Rider* tradition. We've got some Arabs here on campus who try to imitate them. These students are the counterparts of the English-major cults of the States, except here they major not in English (that's too hard), but in Near Eastern history. You'll see these kids all over the place asserting, not really arguing, that Plato is overrated, and maintaining that Western historians of the Near East, because they no longer have the patience to master Arabic, are a dying breed."

As soon as the Iraqi finished his remarks, a lanky, older-looking fellow with a neat mustache, short hair, and dressed in a dark suit, tie, and checkered scarf walked in front of the table holding a tiny cup of Turkish coffee in his hand. The Iraqi exchanged casual *marhabas* with him, then turned to the refugee.

"This guy is one of several quaint characters around here, a veteran graduate student with amazing feats. I call him T.B."

"Any special reason for that name?" the refugee asked.

"Yes. One day, after getting an unfair thirty on an examination, he took a stick, went to the dean of students, and warned him: 'I'm going to do it; I'm going to do it, I really am.' He then stormed out of the dean's office, and rushed to the class of his chemistry professor, and lashed him while the class was in session. He then returned to the dean and informed him, 'I did it, I did it, I really did.' For this particular fit of 'activism,' he was not allowed to finish the fall semester, but was allowed back for the spring term. Now, wouldn't you say the name T.B. is appropriate?"

"What does it stand for?"

"It stands for Teacher Beater."

"I guess it is then, but I have a hard time believing the story."

Irritated by the refugee's skepticism, the Iraqi said: "Come on, man, let's go to the *Outlook* office and check it out."

Together they went to the three-room basement offices of the school newspaper. Sure enough, a full-page

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story, with a huge picture of T.B. in his scarf, carried the exact details related by the Iraqi.

Wishing to scan past numbers of the *Outlook,* he loitered in the offices while the Iraqi streaked back to the Milk Bar. The refugee later returned to these offices on several occasions. During his visits he examined more than twenty of the latest available editions of the *Outlook,* an irregular weekly. Being an organ of the Student Council, it reported on the cultural and academic life of the university—the lectures, open houses, dances, field trips, work of the faculty, and an occasional sports event. Ads were welcomed and when these were in short supply, adolescent love poetry served for fillers. Nasty four-letter words remained out, and political editorials were not permitted. But in the "Letters to the Editor" column he found the *Outlook's* most exciting feature, for here in a crisp language, in an angry and strident voice, the campus's social critics spoke out.

Besides the *Outlook,* another forum of the Student Council, and a popular one, is the Speaker's Corner, a Hyde Park type of setup where students can speak on any topic with one stipulation: They must not use four-letter words. A person using them will have the microphone taken away from him by the council president and will be disciplined according to the words used and the situation. The refugee attended many of the weekly sessions and heard Afghans, Persians, Europeans, Africans—but mostly Arabs—speak on politics, race, girls, history, Zionism, war, population, conspiracies—anything from the state of the university to the fate of the universe.

Although the university does not have a speech and rhetoric department, the wit and eloquence at the Speaker's Corner, he felt, were of a high order. On occasion, however, he couldn't help but agree with the fellow who dubbed it Shrieker's Corner. At other times he remembered that an Arab, by virtue of his heritage, is expected to be loud, for, after all, the call to prayer in his civilization is performed, not by a tolling bell, but by a chanting voice.

"They've got us paranoid about these four-letter words," a young man said, beginning a speech in which he proceeded to lambaste America's wicked exploitation of Third World countries—a favorite and recurring theme with speakers. In that speech the young Arab claimed that American aid to the university, amounting to $10 million a year, was only "a minute fraction of the huge profits they reap from our petrol. So," he concluded, "to say they aid us and they keep this university going is a bunch of bullshit." With that remark, the speaker walked away from the podium, and the refugee noted that the Student Council president followed him, perhaps to discipline him, perhaps just to warn him, for the offense seemed to be technically invalid (eight letters instead of four) and the context not at all improper or unpopular.

> The Pakistanis carefully read all periodicals written in English, underline the Indian propaganda, and counter it by writing "the truth" in margins.

One of the most recurring and hotly debated issues at the Speaker's Corner was the problem of language. Should Arabic be spoken at an American university where Arabs are a majority or should English, the language of the courses of instruction, be used? After hearing the competing arguments session after session, the refugee wondered why English came to be the language of instruction in the first place. So he researched the problem, rummaging through the archives, reading and deciphering many of the unpublished letters of the early administrators of the college. From these letters he learned that in 1882 one professor gave a lecture in which he endorsed Darwin's theory of evolution. Such a display of heresy annoyed many important people who, in turn, pressured out of the college the guilty professor and several leading members of the medical faculty. Student petitions and even strikes failed to reinstate these scholars. The newly appointed professors, sent from America, were unable to teach in Arabic. Their presence and limitations made it necessary to change the language of instruction from Arabic to English. Tidbits of this order fascinated the refugee, but he was too timid, too shy, to go up to the podium and share his researched trivia.

Ordinary sessions at the Speaker's Corner made it the talk of the campus. Most of the sessions he attended featured, among other concerns, impassioned speeches condemning the United States, applauding Palestine's commandos, hailing the Third World liberation movements, agitating for student activism and involvement. They also featured a special tribute to the late President Nasser. A young Lebanese, always dressed in a dark suit, would rise and spin the same record, speaking on one side of Nasser the man, on the other of Nasserism the philosophy. To make sure, absolutely sure, everyone understood him, he would first speak in Arabic, then offer an English version of what he had stated.

Extraordinary sessions made the corner the talk of the town. At one unusual session, Lebanese rightists and Arab leftists assaulted each other with some heavy, indigestible insults. Unable to outshout both parties, and sensing the onset of trouble, the Student Council president, who was master of ceremonies, adjourned the session and dismissed the students. Many of them refused to leave. Instead they brawled with shouts and fists and bottles, injuring a number of students and bringing to the scene, not the police, but the dean of students. The gentle dean tried to disperse them and failed. Even after other members of the faculty arrived and the injured students left to be hospitalized, the tensions failed to dissipate. Realizing this, the governing officials closed down the university. The following day, students from the competing factions, their recruits, and curious observers like the refugee gathered outside the closed gates of the walled campus. Near one of the gates, the angrier and more fanatic members of the crowd—armed with guns—argued and fought, injuring several persons, including a police officer.

During his stay at the university, the refugee joined the General Union of Palestinian Students as an honorary member; he attended their meetings, heard their speakers, donated blood for their cause. Most assuredly, their cause was in part his cause, and that part he always remembered. Still, he felt more at ease when he circulated among the Americans at the university. With a group of Americans he ate many dinners, drank many beers, attended sports matches, and classes. Often he would join them on walks up and down Hamra Street, the fashionable and very European shopping street of Beirut, just a few convenient blocks away from the university.

One day, with a young lady from Missouri, he went beyond Hamra—"exploring," as she put it, in the old downtown area of Beirut. Life there, the refugee felt from previous tours of the place, had a blistering, abrasive quality, mean but charming in its own style. Run-down cafés with old men smoking Turkish water pipes and playing cards, narrow, crooked roads in the forever crowded *souks,* gobs of spit all over dirty walks, beggars, shouting Arabs in native costumes, Arabs in Western clothes, juice stands, Mercedeses crowding the streets, heavily laden porters, money changers at every turn, legal prostitutes in brothel alleys, smugglers with their goods, craftsmen with their wares—all conspired to give

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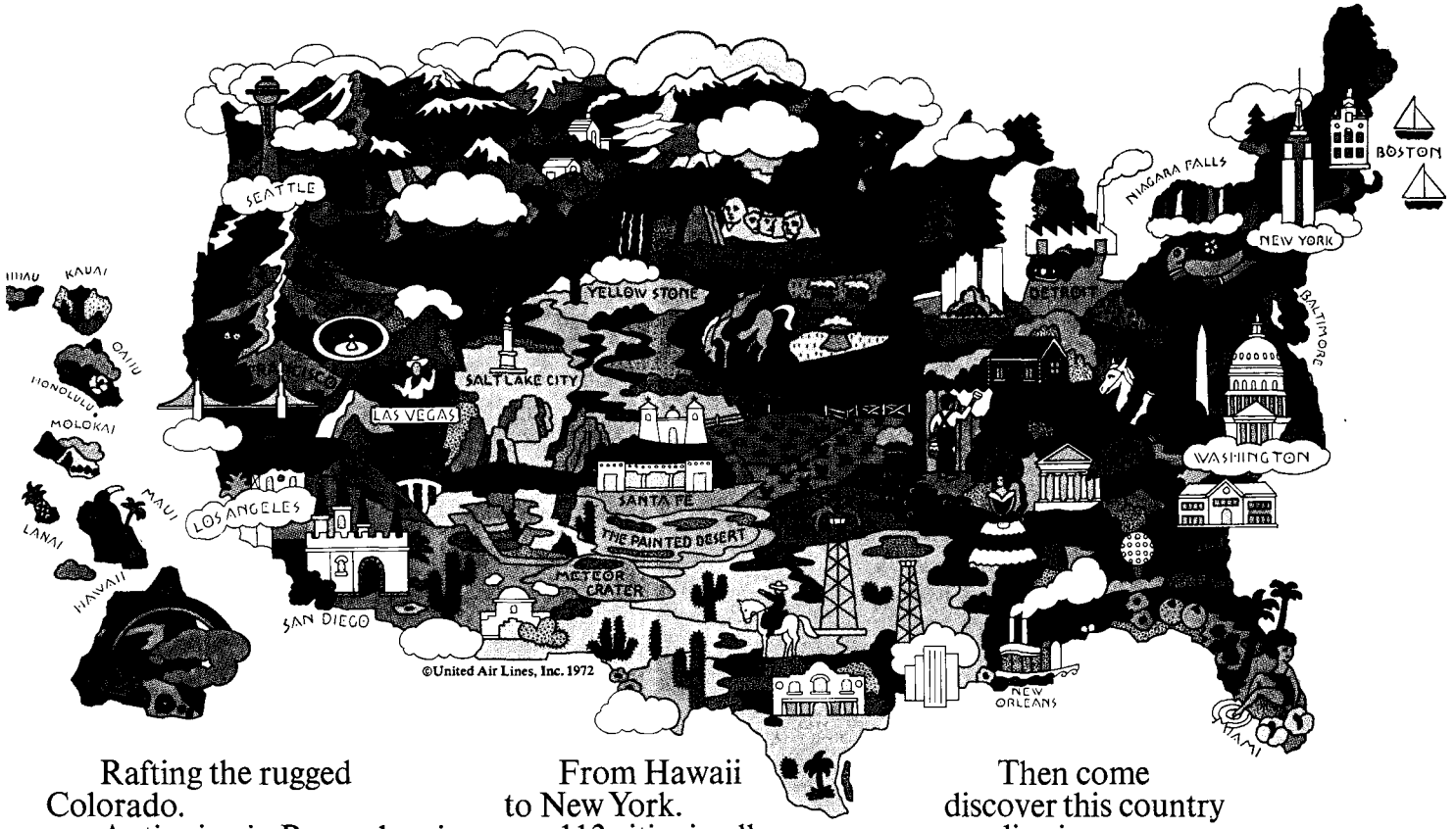

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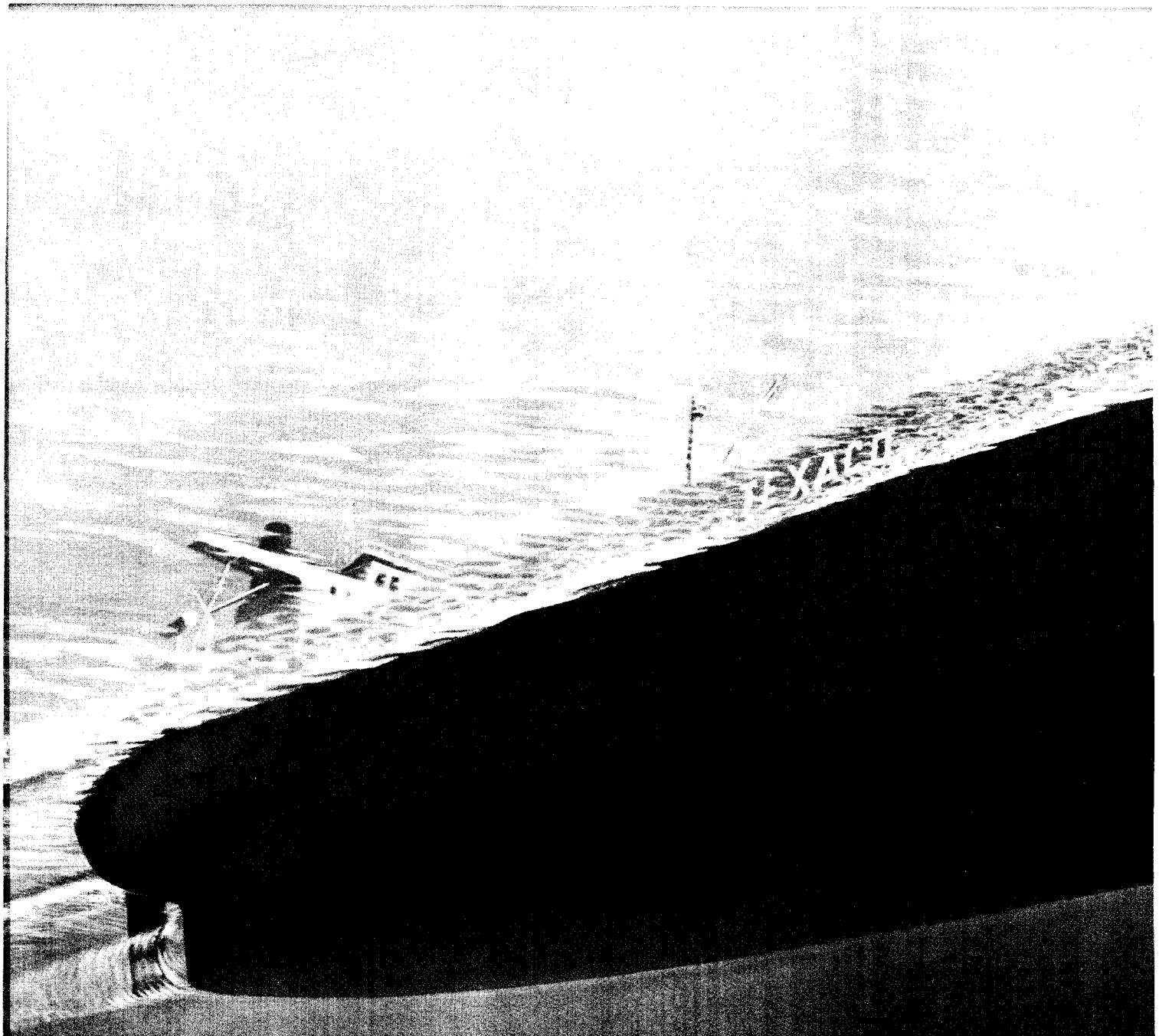

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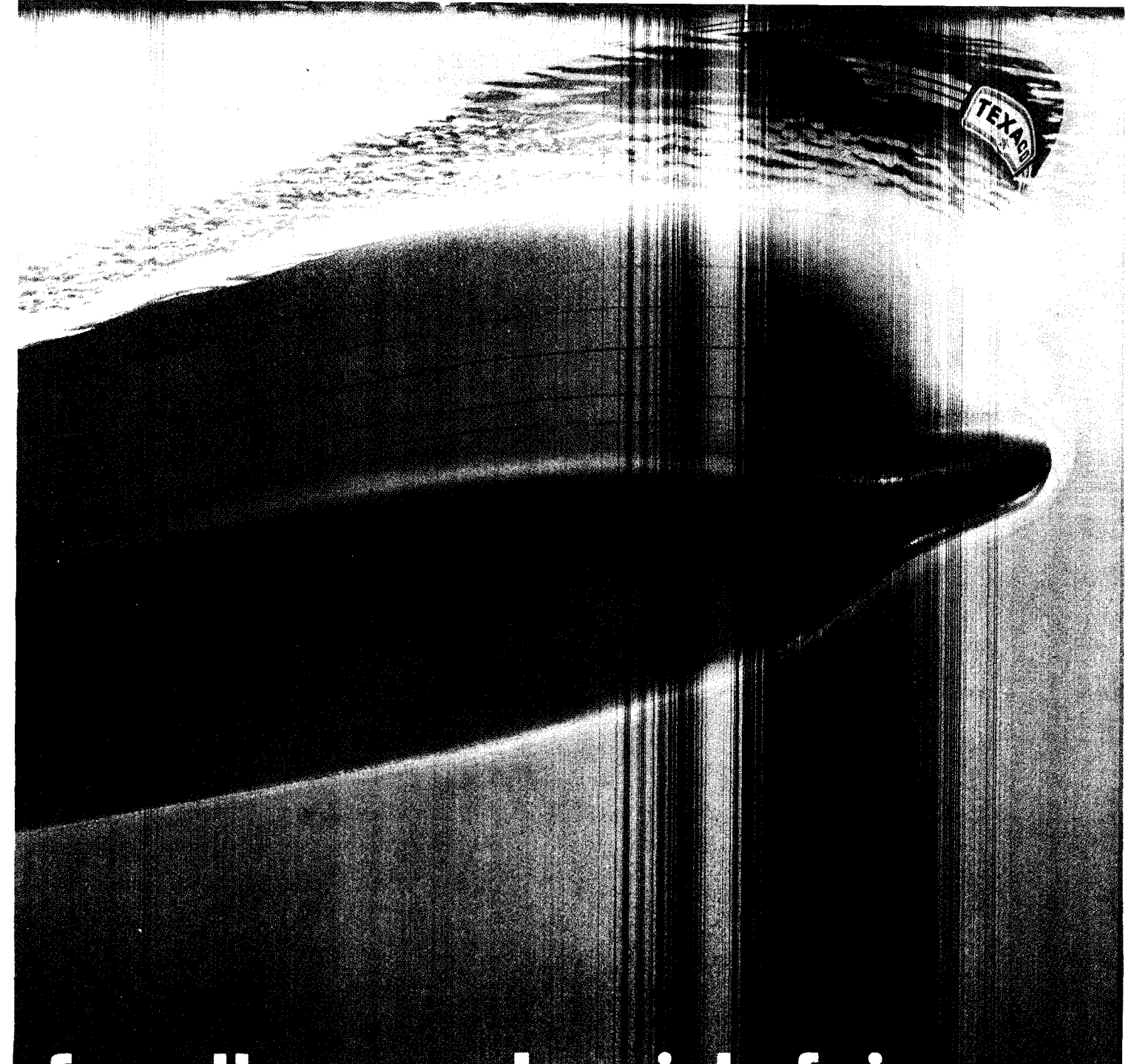

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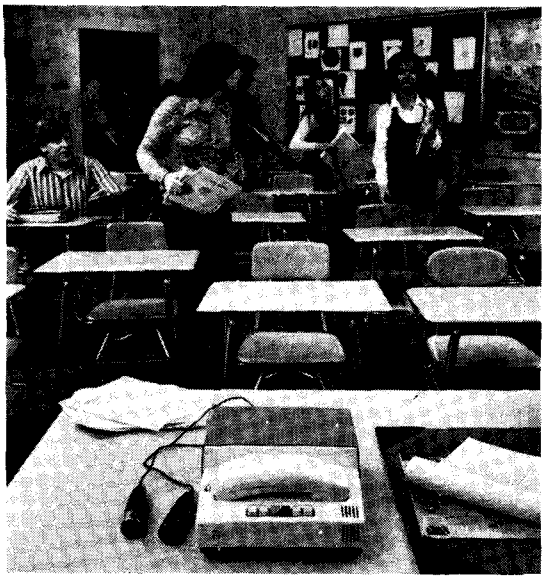

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the sensitive explorer a rugged and toughening experience.

Sitting in a stuffy, grim-looking café that day, they heard several shots fired in broad daylight. Like the rest of the curious people in that part of town, they went to see what was happening: Men and women were rushing at each other, escaping into alleys, hiding behind cars, running into shops and restaurants. Pandemonium had broken out. Not wishing to explore further, not wishing to be frightened or disturbed, the refugee and his companion went back to their corner of the café. Unable to finish their drinks, however, they paid the bill and left. Then they had to persuade a taxi driver, lying on the front seat of his car, to take them back to the university.

In Beirut's *Daily Star* the following day, the refugee read that several cigarette smugglers, hit hard by the government's recent act of lowering the prices of cigarettes to curtail smuggling, were frustrated by an argument that resulted in the shoot-out. One innocent person was dead, and eight persons were injured. After reading the paper's account, he walked around the campus and took a good, hard look at its high wall, which was crowned—strung—with barbed wire; he took a look at the gates and the guards, and finally realized that he was truly in a sheltered place—safe, serene, away from it all—ideal, perhaps, for the pursuit of learning, but learning of a certain order—the knowledge of facts, figures, and footnotes.

But the sheltered university failed to address itself to the relevant, the obvious, the disturbing issues of the day. So a Free University, rebelling against the parent institution, attempted to meet the challenge. At least this was the view of the members of the "Free University Collective."

Organizing and spearheading that collective were two Americans, students from Swarthmore and Colgate spending a year in Beirut, energetic young men, bright, committed, radical, introspective, alert, persuasive filibusterers, graduates not of the Peace Corps, but of the Peace Movement. With these two lads the refugee identified most closely, and he followed their activities and the activities of their fellow Americans in presenting a searching critique of the university. They objected to the university's predominant concern with the welfare of the middle- and upper-class peoples; they objected to the rigid requirements and to the heavy emphasis on grades that stifled creativity. They argued that the university failed to bear positive witness to the community. They pointed out the limitations of a curriculum with no courses on Israeli or Hebrew literature. (In the same breath they noted that one of the best, if not the best, departments for Arabic studies in the world belongs to the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.) There was, the collective stated, little concern at the university with Marxism, communism, and Third World countries. And they labeled as "ridiculous" the idea of an Arab professor who, in his classes, insisted that Arab nationalism began with Van Dyck, a Western missionary who translated the Bible into Arabic. In this connection the collective demanded that certain professors should present their version of "the truth" less dogmatically, concentrating—and here they used the words of none other than Bliss the founder—not so much on "the truth," but on "the reasons for believing it." And the gripes continued.

> When underdeveloped nations imitate developed ones, they warm sociologists' hearts by giving them something obvious to explain.

When a university has a library of 300,000 items with glaring inadequacies in many fields, it should not expand its graduate programs that are already thinly spread into thirty-six fields offering master's degrees and six areas granting doctorates. Rather, the collective suggested, the university should strengthen its undergraduate program, overhaul its curriculum, and encourage good teaching without sacrificing research. In refusing to renew the contract of a popular, well-published, and highly respected Arab philosopher from Yale, the university—all the members of the collective felt, and the refugee agreed—succumbed to political pressure and indirectly betrayed its commitment to academic freedom. The Free University made a determined effort to hire the dismissed scholar to teach one of its courses on the Question of Zionism. Other competent people taught Free University courses, and the refugee attended them in such subjects as the Significance of Events in Jordan, Revolution in Amerika (*sic*), Internal Affairs in Israel, Che Guevara and Third World Revolution, Democratic Education and the Role of the Free University. It was all part of his education at the university.

During his final morning in Beirut, the refugee sat in Uncle Sam's, a popular snack bar, eating pancakes, sipping coffee, and leafing through the president's account of his stewardship—the roll call of the university's achievements. While he was reading the president's response to the charges that the university was serving the cause of imperialism, a young student and his professor claimed a table near him. Recognizing both individuals, he positioned himself a bit closer to their table in order to eavesdrop on their conversation and to make sure he heard every word they uttered in that relatively quiet restaurant, quiet for the early morning hours. The professor, he knew, ranked as a most incisive, highly experimental and original poet, a leading figure in contemporary Arabic literature, a Lebanese, Christian by heritage, British by education. The student seemed to be at ease with the stern-faced poet, and like most coffee conversations, the subject shifted from one area to another, touching on such varied topics as the Arabic translations of Aristotle's *Poetics*, the dedication inscribed by T. S. Eliot in *The Waste Land*, and the eroticism in Abu Nuwas's poetry—all interspersed with long recitation of verses from well-known Arabic *diwans*.

Frequently in their conversation the poet and the student lapsed into English rather than their native Arabic. This intrigued the refugee. As he listened with greater care, he noted time and again their tendency to assert a philosophical position, submit an argument, or describe a situation in fluent Arabic; but when they tried to express a critical point, a sensitive insight, a neat abstraction, they resorted to English. Somehow English articulated their thoughts with greater clarity, captured the nuances in their arguments, and indeed made them feel as if they were truly communicating.

The refugee, too, felt some sense of communication, perhaps profound, perhaps not so, engendered undoubtedly by his impending departure. Sitting in Uncle Sam's that day, sipping his coffee, the refugee was about to leave America's university in Beirut; he was about to leave Uncle Sam's for the last time, the restaurant of good cooks where poets and professors and students hang out; about to leave his humble roommate and New Men's with its shredded posters and jaded hijackers; about to leave all those guards at the gates and the Lebanese studs and the happy, scribbling Pakistanis, and the daily models of the perpetual fashion show. And he was about to leave the mean-looking, predictable T.B. and all those "Undetermined" students and the wits at the Speaker's Corner and the Free University buffs and the Americans and the girl from Missouri and the Milk Bar crowd. And he did leave, and he has not yet returned—though he will. □

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WHAT ARE THE REAL RISKS WHEN A SCHOOL TRIES TO CHANGE?

The Stockton story focuses issues of national consequence.

BY HERBERT KOHL

Stockton, an agricultural center in California's San Joaquin Valley, is perhaps most famous for being the location of *The Grapes of Wrath*. Not much has changed since Steinbeck described the community in 1939:

> In the West there was panic when the migrants multiplied on the highways. Men who had never been hungry saw the eyes of the hungry. Men who had never wanted anything very much saw the flare of want in the eyes of the migrants. And the men of the towns and the soft suburban country gathered to defend themselves; and they reassured themselves that they were good and the invaders bad, as a man must do before he fights. They said, These goddamned Okies are dirty and ignorant. They're degenerate, sexual maniacs. Those goddamned Okies are thieves. They'll steal anything. They've got no sense of property rights.
>
> And the latter was true, for how can a man without property know the ache of ownership? And the defending people said, They bring disease, they're filthy. We can't have them in the schools.

Many of the "Okies" have moved on, to be replaced by Chicanos, Samoans, Filipinos, Asians, and blacks. Yet Stockton is still controlled by an Anglo minority; the school board remains conservative. At last, however, the town is experiencing real pressure from its poor people and minorities as well as from a group of young liberal professors from the University of the Pacific. The focus of the latest battle centers around an alternative school-within-a-school for ninety pupils (first- through third-graders) at Hazelton

Herbert Kohl, the author of *36 Children* and *The Open Classroom*, is currently working with high school students and teachers at experimental schools in Berkeley, California. His book *Golden Boy as Anthony Cool: A Photo Essay on Naming and Graffiti*, will be published by Dial Press in August.

Recess time is not only for students. Principal George McCormick is "it" in a spirited game

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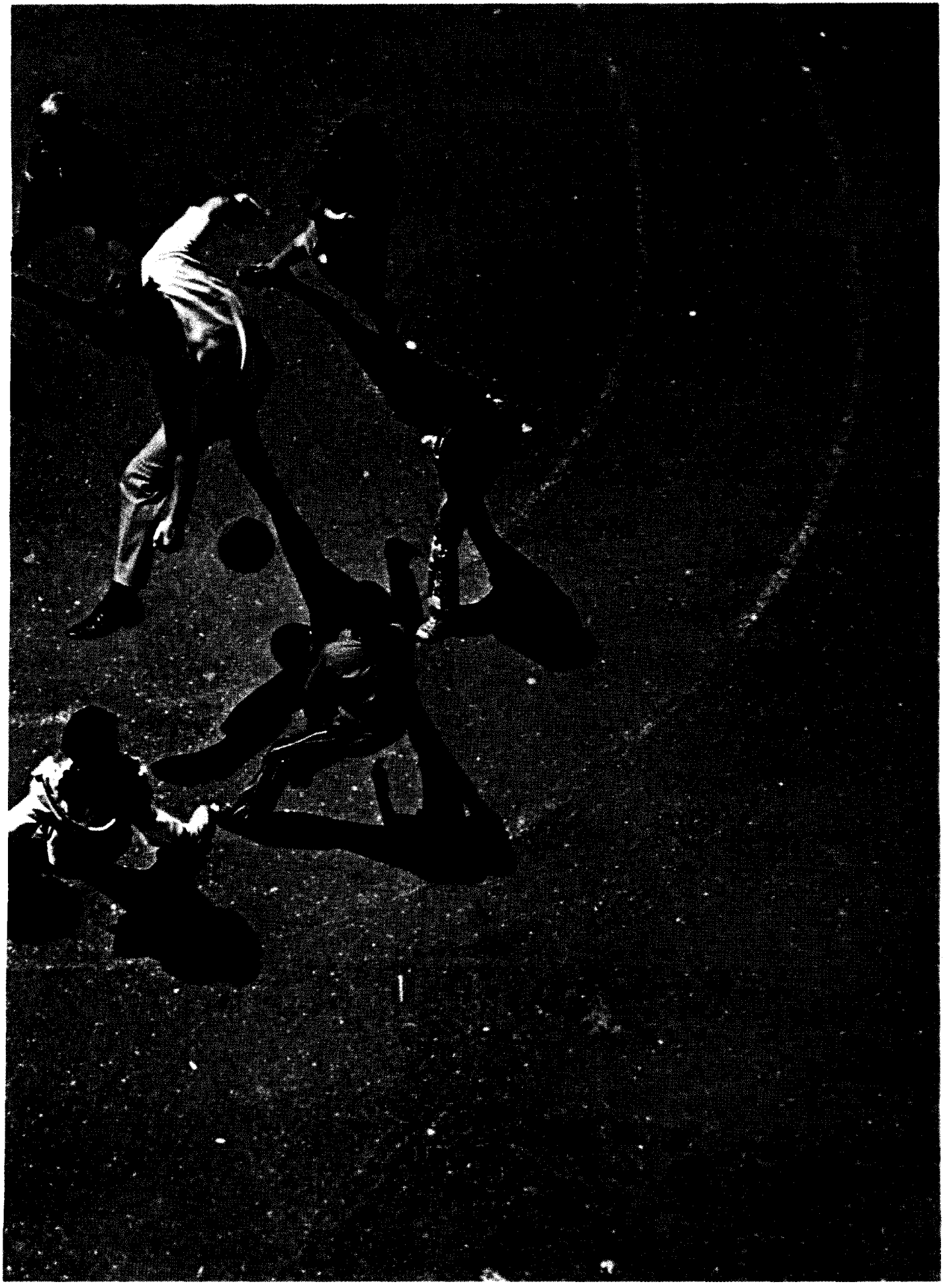

f dodge ball in Hazelton School's playground.

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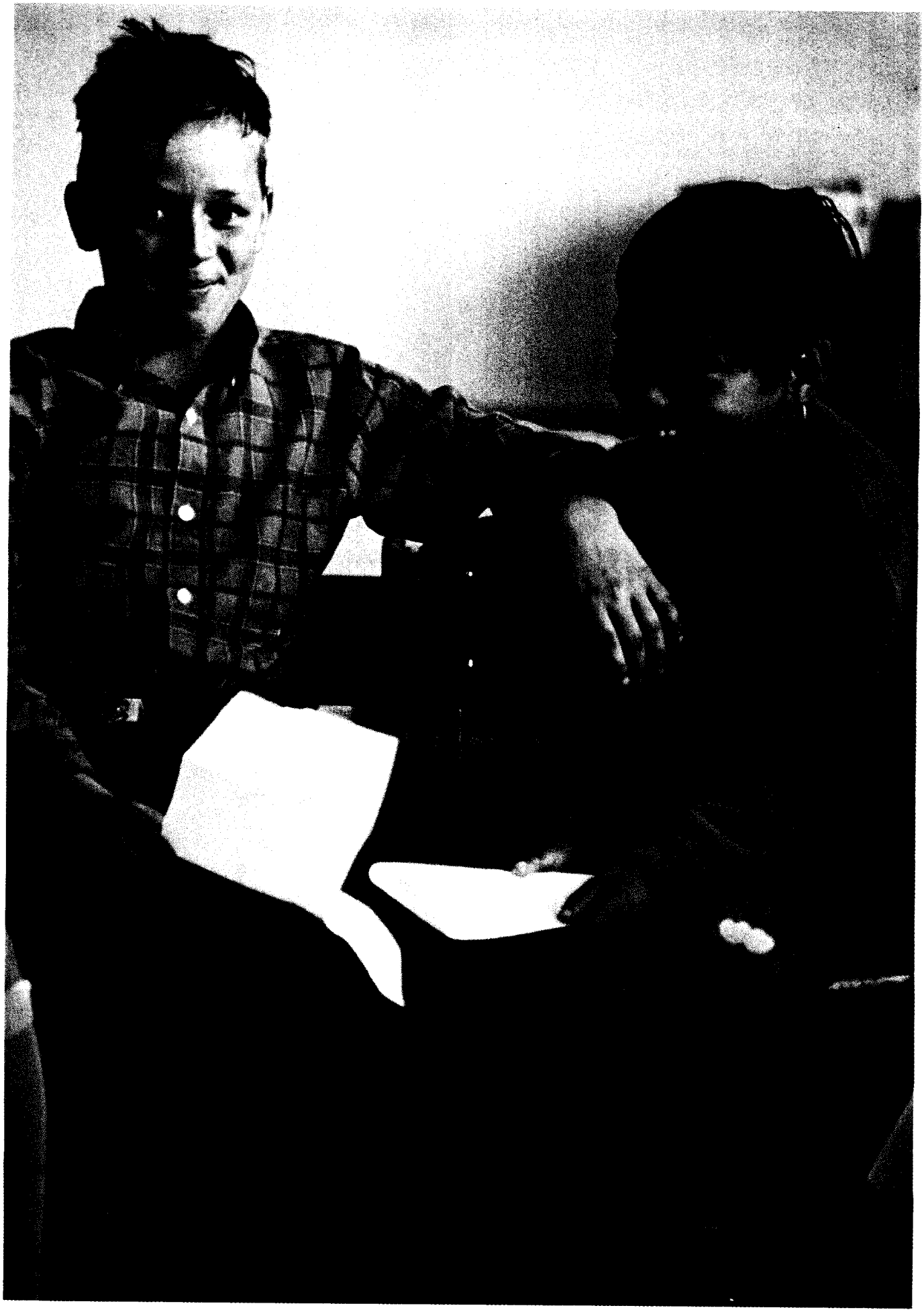

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Ironically, parents had to keep their children from a school they liked in order to protest its dismantling.

Hazelton's Family Unit seeks to humanize learning. Teacher Sally Cain and students (above) enjoy a field trip. Back in school, older students help younger ones with work (far left). And at the end of the day Maria Zirmonte (left) shares a moment with a friend.

Elementary School. The battle over Hazelton sheds light on what often happens in school districts across the country when a community's passions are aroused, when involved but politically unsophisticated teachers and administrators come up against a conservative school board, and when concerned but poor parents face strong pressure from city hall to break an embarrassing boycott.

Hazelton is what is usually described by teachers as a "bad" school, i.e., one that is run down, has a large percentage of poor and minority students, and has a low staff morale. A school survey shows that 9.4 per cent of the students are black, 7 per cent Asian, 43 per cent Chicano, 9.4 per cent Filipino and other minorities, and 31.2 per cent white. The average family income in the school district is less than $4,500 a year, and one-third of the students who attend the schools are on Aid to Families with Dependent Children.

Assignment to "bad" schools is usually a form of punishment meted out by the central administration to teachers and administrators who refuse to conform to district policies and are too involved with students and parents. George McCormick, the present principal of Hazelton, was assigned there three years ago because, as he puts it, the administration wanted to get him out of the way. Before that he had been in charge of integration plans for two years and was an elementary school principal for twelve years, four of which were at an all-white school. Over the years he has received rebukes from school district personnel for personal and legal actions he has taken. For example:

—In 1960 he purchased a house in north Stockton and resold it to a black Stockton school principal and his teacher-wife. Superintendent Nolan Pulliam orally reprimanded him for "embarrassment to the district."

—In 1965 he requested that the district stop transporting twenty-two white students from a neighboring black elementary school to an all-white one where he was principal. Assistant Superintendent Carl Wilsey refused.

—During 1967-69, as director of long range planning, he was responsible for helping the community draw up a school desegregation plan for the district. The candidates for the school board election ran on a companion antibus campaign and won. The desegregation plans were turned down.

—In 1970 he was told by Superintendent J. Roland Ingraham and Assistant Superintendent Jeff West to be "clean shaven," to have his hair "well groomed," and to dress "in a manner reflected by businessmen in this community."

—In 1971 he was ordered not to attend a Farm Worker's Rally at noontime.

—In 1971 the fact that his children were plaintiffs in a lawsuit to get a court order to desegregate the school district was called "unprofessional."

—And in 1971 Assistant Superintendent Jeff West chided him for "encouraging north Stockton Anglos, who formerly had attended King School, to attend Hazelton."

Mavericks tend to attract other mavericks. A year ago Peggy Jarrard, a teacher in Stockton for thirty-one years, transferred to Hazelton in order to work with McCormick, who has a reputation for supporting his teachers.

Peggy Jarrard had gone to teachers college during the days when educators were excited by Dewey's writings and experiments and had done her student teaching at Hull House in Chicago. She is an accomplished teacher and knows how to manage an open learning situation within her own classroom. After thirty-one years in the Stockton schools, she was tired of "bootlegging the type of education I believe children should be getting in the public school." She requested a transfer to "George's" school (which is how parents affectionately refer to Hazelton these days) so that she could do in public what she had been doing in the privacy of her own classroom for many years. She was ready to take chances. When the job as head of a Teacher Corps team at Hazelton opened, Peggy, who did not mind the extra work involved, applied and got the job.

The Teacher Corps students at Hazelton are as dedicated in their way as are George McCormick and Peggy Jarrard. Somewhat more militant than the general Teacher Corps group in Stockton, they chose Hazelton because they knew about McCormick and counted on his support for their work in the community and their boldness in the classroom. The eight-member Hazelton team consists of three Chicanos, two Asians, two blacks, and one Indian. Hazelton's teaching staff is 83 per cent white.

Teacher Corps training in Stockton

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL FUSCO

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Would the boycott have succeeded if teachers had been willing to risk as much in their lives as welfare parents?

consists of a five-and-a-half-week summer session at a new school in the district that is not representative of the schools where the corpsmen will eventually work. It consists of introducing the team leaders (such as Peggy Jarrard) to the corpsmen, of talking for a day about reading, a day about social studies, a day about community involvement, etc. There are experts who lecture about their specialties, but the experience is remote from the realities of classroom life and from the students and parents.

Peggy Jarrard asked permission to eliminate some of the training and instead work with the team at Hazelton School, where they would soon be teaching. She also suggested that they work as a cohesive group rather than be dispersed randomly throughout the school.

Several other teachers at Hazelton expressed interest in the idea of working collectively. They approached McCormick, who readily gave the group four rooms in a remote wing of the school. There were no elaborate proposals made, no requests for money or applications for grants. The intent of the group was to reorganize the human environment in which the students functioned and involve the community in the education of their own children. That was not an expensive proposition. It took no more to reorganize the school than to maintain its traditional functioning. And this is important. Many public school people feel that converting from a traditional classroom to an open classroom, or from a traditional school to one containing a minischool, requires additional money and at least a year of elaborate proposal writing. That is hardly the case if one has some experienced teachers involved as well as support from the administration. The teachers can remake the environment with the existing supplies and equipment and can reach out into the community on their own. Money is not the issue in developing alternative classrooms and minischools.

The Hazelton team decided to call its group the School Family Unit. One room was set aside for math and science, another for social studies and ethnic studies, and a third for language arts. The fourth and largest room was called the family room. It is a social and learning center with a small workshop in one corner, a closed-in area where students can run a slide projector, and a series of small reading corners and art workshops. A parachute hanging from the ceiling somehow brings all these different spaces into a coherent whole.

The staff, in a plainly worded but comprehensive brochure, outlined the program to the approximately eighty families whose children were students in the unit.

I visited Hazelton as a consultant to the Family Unit several times and felt great excitement and a sense of hope in the unit. Teachers were working together, parents had become involved with students, and the Teacher Corps people were busy enriching the classroom environment and visiting students' homes. I was impressed, too, by the mixture of experience and youth in the unit. Peggy Jarrard knew what she was about in the classroom but had to be pushed into community involvement by the Teacher Corpsmen. They in turn were less sure of themselves with the students and therefore tended to be more cautious. A healthy tension existed in the group, focused on a collective struggle to give students the skills needed to function in our culture and to enable them to feel positive about themselves.

Within the school there was little harassment. However, there was an uneasiness in the central administration, and the unit was visited frequently. Some militant posters and a U.S. flag with a clenched fist in the place of stars and bearing the motto, "No freedom without equality," were ordered removed. The unit complied, and things were quiet for a while. The situation looked promising: An experimental state bilingual program offered money to Hazelton to support and study the consequences of the unit's work; the Stockton Teachers Association wanted to nominate Hazelton to be Stockton's representative in a statewide consortium of public alternative schools. Reading scores indicated that the students in the unit were doing slightly better than they had the previous year.

As things seemed to cohere within the unit and as community support for the program grew, the central administration began to move against the program. The district refused the bilingual grant and turned down the Stockton Teachers Association bid to have a representative in the statewide consortium. It began to be apparent that the central administration did not want the unit to succeed. This became completely clear when on February 18 McCormick received notification that he would be demoted to teacher for the next year. On February 22 the board, acting on the superintendent's recommendation, reassigned McCormick to a teaching position, denied him a hearing, and refused to make public any charges against him.

The parents and staff reacted quickly in McCormick's favor. A boycott of the school was organized, and letters of support from parents and teachers poured in to the local newspapers. All the people immediately affected by the school—parents, teachers, and students—supported the principal. The opposition came from people whose lives were not directly involved—from the superintendent and from conservative school board members. Hazelton was treated like a colonized territory governed from a remote and unsympathetic foreign capital. Even the conservative *Stockton Record* protested in the following editorial, which appeared on February 25:

McCORMICK SHOULD BE TOLD

Principal George McCormick of the Hazelton School evidently rates highly among his parent-constituents. They are enthusiastically protesting his reassignment, probably to a teaching position, in the next school year.

The law does not require Superintendent J. Roland Ingraham or the trustees who unanimously followed his recommendation to state publicly the reasons for their action. We are not sure whether Mr. McCormick is legally entitled to a public hearing on an issue other than dismissal.

We are convinced, however, that fairness demands that the principal be notified in writing of the reasons for his reassignment. He is the judge of whether such information should reach the public.

The causes on which the superintendent and board acted must presumably be very serious to justify giving so much offense to an area of the district that is critical of the administration, even hostile. And this is all the more reason why Mr. McCormick should know what those causes are.

The boycott worked for several days. On February 23 only 123 of the 384 students were in school. By the 25th only 86 students were attending. However, during the entire time, the board and the superintendent refused any comment about McCormick's case on, as they put it, "the advice of their attorneys." The irony of the situation was that parents had to take their children out of a school they liked in order to protest its dismantling by public authorities who were not directly involved in teaching their children.

There was another irony. The major weapon the school board used to break the strike was California's compulsory education law. Members of Stockton's Child Welfare and Attendance Office

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George McCormick captivates his young listener with tales of Mary Poppins's adventures. The arbitrary demotion of Hazelton's well-liked principal triggered a short-lived boycott by parents, staff, and students to protest the board's action.

began to call parents and threaten them with lawsuits and possible arrest if they kept their youngsters out of school.

Superintendent Ingraham, though he refused to comment on McCormick's demotion, issued a statement to parents that was published in the newspaper:

> Parents should be aware that the absence of their children from school by virtue of a boycott is not recognized as a legal reason for absence, and requirements of the law concerning fulltime attendance are in full force.
>
> Under the law, a parent can be charged with a misdemeanor if his children fail to attend a bonafide school, either public or private.
>
> The law sets a maximum fine of $25 and/or five days in jail for conviction on the first offense and $250 and/or twenty-five days in jail for a second offense.

Never before, I should judge, had the district shown such an interest in ensuring that poor minority students attend school every day. In addition to calls from the Child Welfare and Attendance Office, rumors persisted that people had been threatened with withdrawal of welfare payments if they continued the boycott.

On February 24 the parents marched on the school administration building. There were blacks, Asians, Chicanos, Filipinos, poor whites, and some middle-class Anglos. Protests were a new thing in the Stockton schools. Poor parents had become accustomed to powerlessness, and the march to the board was a bold act. Yet the power to sustain such action did not exist. Many of the poor parents, as enraged as they were at the board, had so much to lose that they retreated from their stand over the weekend and decided to lift the boycott. Except for twenty families who persisted and developed a freedom school for their own children, the rest of the parents settled for picketing the liquor store of a Chicano school-board member who voted against McCormick, and then they sent their children back to school. No amount of assurances from lawyers working with the Chicano Legal Assistance Center in Richmond, California, could convince these people that harassment of this sort was illegal and that they would not be sent to jail. They thoroughly believed that people in authority can do anything they want to poor people. The idea of being poor and having the protection of the law was not within their experience.

All of the teachers at Hazelton voted to remain in school. They, too, felt they had too much to lose by taking to the streets for more than those three days. In a way the teachers involved in the Family Unit were naïve. They felt that their work would stand or fall based on their success with the students and failed to realize that there are people in power who may well judge them against entirely different criteria. The educational competence of the unit was never questioned. In fact the issue was never raised publicly. The administration moved laterally on the unit and the parents by attempting to eliminate their leader and protector. When it came down to a political battle for survival, the teachers were unprepared, and despite their initial enthusiasm and articulated willingness to take risks, they, in fact, were scared for their jobs. There is no telling whether the boycott would have succeeded if the teachers had been willing to stay out and run freedom schools—if they had been willing to risk as much in their lives as the welfare parents. In any case, though the unit was prepared to deal with the educational issues, all but two of the Teacher Corpsmen were willing to abandon the parents and the issues in order to preserve their jobs.

I doubt very much, for example, that Peggy Jarrard really believed that she would have to put her job on the line when she decided to initiate the project. For her, risk taking consisted of ostracism or criticism—not losing a job. I think she and other committed teachers at Hazelton had been within the system for so long that the thought of being out on their own panicked them. They did not have the energy or the resources or the belief in themselves to continue working with the students outside the public school system, if necessary.

The inability to do political battle

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and the unwillingness to take real risks characterize many public alternative and open-learning situations, which might explain why so many fold upon the least administrative pressure. It is crucial for teachers who would try to develop public alternatives to understand that if they succeed they will threaten the power of those who control the system. Educational content will not be protected from politics. Teachers who would dare to change their classrooms must be aware of the risks they might have to take and be prepared for political struggle.

Though the Stockton boycott collapsed, the issue was not dropped. At the next school board meeting parents spoke up for McCormick, for Hazelton, and for the unit. People who had never been before a public body faced the superintendent and the board and let their feelings be known. McCormick retained a lawyer and sued the school district for removing him without a hearing. The unit continues to function, though morale is low.

The energy consumed by the political battle for survival should have been used to build the unit and work with the students. I have taught in a public alternative school in Berkeley for the past three years and estimate that one-third to one-half of my time has been consumed in dealing with petty attacks and inconveniences contrived by hostile administrators and guidance counselors. Anyone considering a public alternative school has to be prepared for this subtle war of harassment, as well as for major confrontation as in the case of Hazelton. I think the smartest thing to do if one works on a team is to assign one member to the task of dealing with external problems and protecting the rest of the staff so that they can devote their energy to working with the students. Alternative schools don't need principals, but at present they certainly can use political advocates.

Three main issues involved in the Hazelton case are at the center of many school disputes these days. In the first instance, the demotion of George McCormick raises the question of the right of a principal or a teacher, as an individual, to act within the law to change the society and not be punished for those actions. The right of teachers to become involved in social and political issues, as well as their right to public hearings rather than arbitrary dismissal, are crucial if schools are to be any more than servile places that perpetuate the most oppressive aspects of our culture. The image of the teacher as a morally pure and politically neutral being is no longer tenable. The schools will increasingly have to deal with the teacher as a politically committed individual.

Neil Sullivan, when he was superintendent of schools in Berkeley (he is now the Massachusetts commissioner of education), established the right of a school official to take a political position during a school board campaign if it is done on the official's own time. He campaigned for prointegration candidates in a school-board recall election in 1967 and got a California court to uphold his right to do so.

Another question raised by the Stockton case focuses on the right of a community to control the education of its young. The central administration, and not the local people, initiated McCormick's demotion. The parents were as much outraged by the disregard for their wishes as by the specific case of McCormick. When the school was "bad" and demoralized, the parents accepted their powerlessness. But when the school began to make sense for their children, they recognized the stakes involved. The board's attempt to destroy what people valued pushed the community more toward demanding local control than any action to change a bad school could have.

The movement toward local control cuts across political lines and might create the most unlikely alliances in the next few years. There are blacks, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, and radical whites who want to control their local institutions, including schools. There are also many conservatives who feel the same way. I think many integrationist liberals are going to find themselves squeezed between separatist minority groups and members of the segregationist majority. Such a squeeze has already begun in Berkeley. The schools are fully integrated; recently a strong black and Chicano movement toward separation and self-determination has developed—which is opposed by many of the people who fought for the original Berkeley integration plan.

Finally, Stockton raises the issue of whether change must come from the central administration or from outside specialists; should change begin with the principal or with teachers or parents or students? At Hazelton the unit was created by several teachers and Teacher Corpsmen with the support of the principal and eventually many of the parents. The central administration did not play an initiating role and refused to accept this *de facto* decentralization of power, even though no additional money was involved.

I see change coming increasingly from parents and students and teachers. People are beginning to become accustomed to acting without securing money, asking permission, or writing proposals—that is, they are increasingly assuming responsibility for controlling their own lives. It is not clear how school administrators who are accustomed to making decisions for others will respond. Much of the future of the public school system will depend upon the nature of their response to this pressure.

None of these questions has been resolved in Stockton yet. A federal court recently issued an order preventing the district from demoting McCormick without a hearing, and so his case is pending. It is possible that the teachers and Teacher Corps members might be dispersed throughout the district and the Family Unit dismantled unless they mobilize the energy and support to fight another political battle. Their future depends to a large degree upon the community pressure they can muster and not at all on the quality of their teaching and their interaction with the students.

And the parents—they will still live in the Hazelton district, and their children will be forced for the moment to go to schools that do not respect their voices. Nevertheless, they have voiced their feelings, however tentatively, and for many of them this is just the beginning. They have also learned that there are few individuals, however liberal, who will take major risks for them, and that, therefore, if their lives are to change, they will have to do it themselves. Perhaps in the next few years, as new battles develop for the control of local institutions, Steinbeck's prophecy might be fulfilled: "In the souls of the people the grapes of wrath are filling and growing heavy, growing heavy for the vintage."

This is not mere romance. Last year for the first time a minority coalition in Stockton defeated a school bond issue that would not have benefited minority people. The group, PEOPLE, also involved itself in the Hazelton boycott. One of its members, Richard Hughes Litherland, a black minister in Stockton, expressed his feelings about McCormick and the future of the Hazelton community this way:

"Just as a bullet can't kill a dream, a dismissal notice can't dismiss a problem. The need for building a nation that is truly 'indivisible with liberty and justice for all' will not go away. The need for a basic rethinking of educational goals as well as methods will not disappear. The problem of the relationship between the 'public' and 'education' in public education will not be resolved by either traditional P.R. or authoritarian fiat.

"To recognize the immensity and complexity of these problems is to be tempted to withdraw to other less frustrating endeavors. This might be the better part of wisdom. I am fool enough to have faith that there must be a better way, and we are going to find it." □

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THE DULUTH EXPERIENCE

"Our country today is very uncomfortable about the whole concept of social class, though there are few Americans who honestly believe that we live in a classless society."

BY DICK HUBERT

Despite two decades of controversy about racial desegregation of the schools, there is considerable evidence that, to be meaningful and effective, desegregation requires not only a cross section of children of all races but of all classes and economic groups. The monumental study "Equality of Educational Opportunity," published by the U.S. Office of Education in 1966, and other surveys have indicated that putting together poor blacks and poor whites may not be as educationally productive as mixing the lower and middle classes from both races.

Because of the controversy surrounding racial desegregation, the issue of economic and class desegregation has been nearly overlooked. Now for the first time an American city—and an unexpected one at that—is showing concern for the issue. The city is Duluth, Minnesota, and the chief advocate of the plan, Richard L. Bye, is a prosperous lawyer, an active Republican, and a member of the state Board of Education. As Bye is the first to admit, Duluth's economic desegregation plan, to be implemented perhaps as early as September 1972, would constitute a radical change from the *status quo* in just about every American community of any size today.

In drawing up racial desegregation guidelines for Minnesota's schools, the state Board of Education heard from many experts, including Harvard social psychologist Thomas F. Pettigrew, that segregated kids who were poor learners were not just black or Indian but also white. Providing equal educational opportunity in Minnesota, the board was told, was not a racial problem so much as it was a class problem.

Pettigrew summarized his argument to the Minnesota board for me in this way: "Our schools are not quite, but almost, as socially class segregated in America today as they are racially segregated. We have evidence that strongly suggests—if it doesn't definitely prove—that for a lower-class child to go to a predominantly middle-class school does in fact improve his achievement over what it probably would have been if he had remained in a predominantly lower-class school."

Pettigrew was excited to have found an attentive and appreciative audience

Dick Hubert, executive producer of the Group W (Westinghouse Broadcasting Company) Urban America Documentary Unit, has won the George Foster Peabody and Robert F. Kennedy awards for his journalistic efforts. Currently he is producer-writer of the Group W documentary *Class . . . and the Classroom*, part of the three-program series "The Search for Quality Education." The other programs are *Busing: Some Voices from the South* and *A Chance for a Lifetime*. The entire series will be telecast over a period from May 22 through the week of June 12, at varying times and in various localities.

An "input-output" profile of six elementary schools in Duluth's School District No. 709 with varying percentages of minority/AFDC students. As the percentage of students from low-income families rises, the median percentile scores drop, despite larger per-pupil expenditures and a fairly constant teacher-pupil ratio. A median percentile score of 69 means that half of the students scored at or above the 69th percentile on a standardized achievement test and half scored below. A median percentile score above 50 is higher than the national median; any score below 50 is lower than the national median.

CASH AND CLASS VS. ACHIEVEMENT

SCHOOL	PER PUPIL EXPENDITURE	TEACHER/PUPIL RATIO	% MINORITY OR AFDC*	MEDIAN PERCENTILE SCORES ON STANDARDIZED ACHIEVEMENT TESTS. (NATIONAL MEDIAN SCORE IS 50). GRADE 3	4	5	6
CONGDON PARK	$761	29.0	1.65%	69	83	72	79
FAIRMONT	$761	27.7	19.2%	57	56	46	61
LINCOLN	$899	24.6	31.56%	42	45	37	42
JEFFERSON	$899	24.8	40.59%	42	33	29	35
EMERSON	$805	27.6	48.27%	38	25	39	40
NETTLETON	$805	26.1	51.76%	38	39	35	47

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If any inequity in school facilities exists, it is in the wealthy areas which do not have the costly reading machines.

at the Minnesota board, for over the years it had been his experience that Americans could discuss racial prejudices more easily than class discrimination. "Obviously, our country is very uncomfortable about the whole concept of social class," he said, "though I think there are few Americans who honestly believe that we live in a classless society."

The Minnesota board members had no such illusions. On December 14, 1970, they issued guidelines that defined a segregated school as "a public school that has a student body consisting of 30 per cent or more minority-group students, or 30 per cent or more students from low-income families, or 30 per cent or more of *a combination of minority-group students and students from low-income families.*" For this initial definition, the board identified a "low-income family" as one "whose income does not exceed $3,000" or "a family receiving an annual income in excess of $3,000 from payments under the program of aid to families with dependent children (AFDC)."

Richard Bye, like his colleagues on the Minnesota board, believes that something must be done to give every American child an equal chance at "making it" in school. And he is now convinced that family background and peer-group example are more important in determining how well a child will perform in school than per-pupil expenditure, quality of teaching materials, elegance of the physical plant, or any other traditional "input" to a child's educational experience. That's a rough translation of the findings of many experts, most particularly those of Professor James S. Coleman of Johns Hopkins, principal author of "Equality of Educational Opportunity." The implications of these findings are potentially as far-reaching as the 1954 Supreme Court decision in *Brown v. Board of Education.*

Bye is well aware of the emotional and political struggles that socioeconomic integration poses for Duluth and the rest of the nation. "There's not the great federal push at the present time by the courts relative to socioeconomic integration. It's largely an intellectual argument at this point without great precedent. It involves in the northern part of the country four times as many people as if you were integrating on a racial basis. So you're disturbing four times as many people—disturbing their patterns."

As I poked my way around Duluth, it became apparent that the only real support for socioeconomic integration came from those who within their lifetimes had made it from the poor side of town to the wealthy side of town. Dick Pearson, the articulate prodesegregation assistant superintendent of schools, is one of them, and so is Dick Bye. Now that he's into the fray, and with precious little political company at the moment, Bye thinks that the battle is worth it.

It's not difficult to see why Duluth was selected to be the first city in Minnesota to implement the socioeconomic desegregation guidelines. Unlike most major metropolitan areas in the country, including Minneapolis-St. Paul to the south, Duluth hasn't experienced any major population shifts in decades. When local citizens talk about the last wave of immigration, they're usually referring to the Swedes and Finns who came pouring in during the latter part of the nineteenth century. In fact, Duluth's population has hovered around 100,000 for more than fifty years. Duluth has no suburbs competing for the wealthy or the middle-class. If you live in Duluth, you send your kids either to the public schools or to a faraway private school. Further, Duluth is 97 per cent to 98 per cent white. A school survey conducted earlier this year reported that of Duluth's 22,876 students, 390 are Indian, 268 black, 56 Spanish-surnamed, and 74 Oriental. The general consensus of the state board was that if Duluth couldn't integrate its schools, no city in the state could.

Duluth school officials reported that only one school in the entire system had more than 30 per cent minority (nonwhite) children. When the socioeconomic yardstick was applied, however, a whole new picture emerged. There turned out to be six schools (all elementary) with more than 30 per cent low-income/minority students, and all six were at the bottom of the achievement ranks for the city's thirty-two elementary schools. The accompanying chart, which matches performance scores in each school with that school's percentage of low-income/minority children, shows, if nothing else does, what I call the "tipping factor" at work. The principle, simply stated, postulates that when low-income children are concentrated in a school to a point where they constitute more than 30 per cent of the school's population, they drag down the rest of the student body with them. Given the facts in the Duluth case, this principle certainly seems applicable. Per-pupil expenditure is equal for each of the thirty-two elementary schools—$761 per pupil. (In fact, the six schools at the bottom of achievement ranks receive on the average an extra $94 per pupil in federal funds.) Teacher pay is equal throughout the district, and the curriculum is pretty much the same from one school to the next. If any inequity exists, it's in the well-to-do areas, which do not have the reading machines and elegant library facilities found in some of the poorly performing schools.

Neighborhood school boundaries in Duluth—especially in the eastern part of the city—are drawn on economic patterns. At Congdon Elementary, in the upper-class district, I found fourth-graders talking of college plans and reading adult books. I asked one what he was reading, and he showed me a copy of *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich,* from which I randomly selected a passage that he easily read and explained to me. Even the first-graders showed an impressive knowledge and sophistication of the world around them.

Mary Brown, Congdon's principal, had this explanation for her students' performance: "Their parents have high expectations for them and have given them the kinds of experiences that make them feel good about themselves. We have a lot of very high self-images in the school. I think that, too, is due to the homes the children come from. And with this type of child it is perhaps easier for teachers to achieve in reading and in other areas of instruction."

Over at Emerson, just a fifteen-minute drive west from Congdon, the atmosphere is totally different. The classrooms are better equipped; the library's furnishings are finer; there are more personnel in each classroom (in the first grade there's a teacher, an assistant teacher, and a roving reading instructor); the teachers are just as enthusiastic as Congdon's and just as hardworking (perhaps more so, as their job is more difficult); but somehow there's a lack of excitement in the students' faces, an apparent feeling of despair, even among first-graders. By fourth grade, there's talk of dropping

Children's test scores (vertical axis) plotted against percentage of minority/AFDC children (horizontal axis) in twenty-nine Duluth elementary schools. The broken line running left to right represents the national median percentile score. The broken line top to bottom represents the "tipping factor"—the point at which 30 per cent or more of a school's enrollment is minority/AFDC. For each school, the range of median performance scores (for grades 3, 4, 5, and 6) is shown. Source: Report to the Duluth Board of Education, February 8, 1972, based on Comprehensive Test of Basic Skills (CTBS), administered spring 1971.

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out of school as soon as possible, of fights and drunken brawls among parents and parents' friends, and of not having had breakfast. It drives the faculty to desperation. Bob Hollingsworth, the principal, is transferring after just three years at Emerson.

"I am quite frustrated many times because I see things happening to youngsters which I would like to correct, and I don't know how," he says. "I feel oftentimes the parents would like to do something about it, but they *don't know how to go about it.* The child arrives at school with a lack of language experience, and it is necessary for the school to make up that void so that he is ready to read."

With all the latest in mechanical teaching aids, extra money, and lots of staff dedication, Emerson is still not making up that void. Bob Hollingsworth, himself a native of Duluth, has reluctantly come to the conclusion that taking Emerson's kids (nearly all of them white) and putting them, in small groups, into middle- and upper-class schools may be one way of helping them achieve. But he doesn't see socio-economic integration strictly as an academic experience.

"I feel it's more of a sharing of lifestyles, acquainting youngsters with one another—different ways of doing things, different ways of thinking. I think it will benefit the affluent youngster as well as the youngster from the poor-area school," Hollingsworth, who at one time taught at Congdon, asserts.

But Mary Brown at Congdon reflects the doubts and concerns of her community. "I think that, if ten interested and concerned youngsters from Emerson attended class with twenty of our children, we could motivate them. But what would be done to them psychologically, I don't know. If we take a youngster from Emerson and place him in this area, where every family *has a couple of snowmobiles, a boat,* and a cabin at the lake, would we be showing these children material things that are pretty far beyond what they would hope to achieve? Would we cause them to be discontented?"

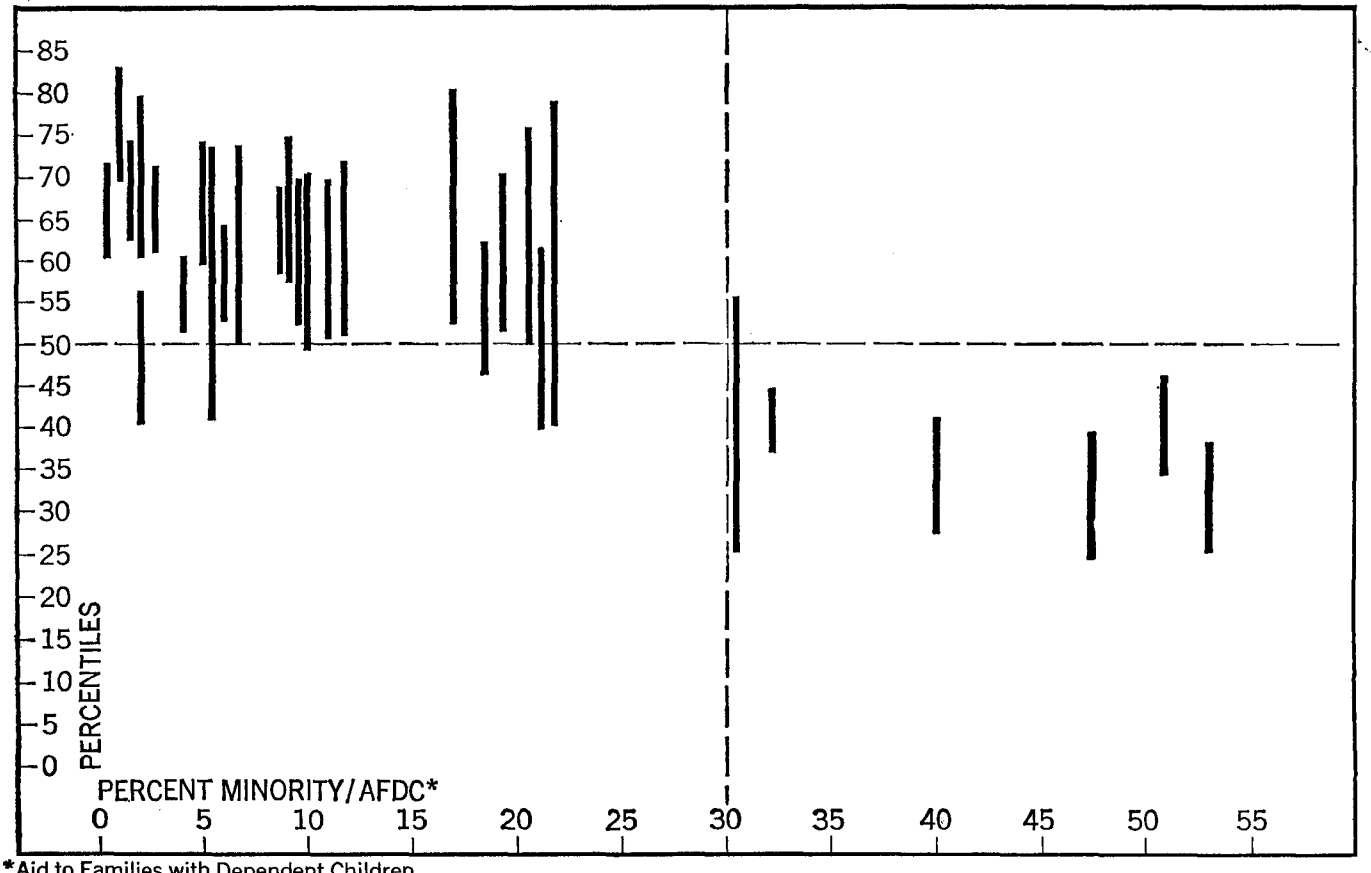
There's no answer to Principal Brown's question right now because there are not and probably won't be any Emerson children at Congdon for a while. But the young people at Central High School, to which Emerson kids eventually go, are discontented with their lot *right now.* What no one knows is whether they would feel differently if they had been integrated from kindergarten with the East High elite. (During my stay I discovered that rural white high school students—traditionally poor achievers—came by school bus right past the East boundaries and on to Central. Their daily bus ride could have been cut short by several miles had they been dropped off at East, but so far they have been successfully segregated out.)

Central High is housed in a brand-new, $6-million building, having just moved this school year from a famous old, medieval-style hulk in the center of town. The new Central has everything money can buy, from a complete television studio with three cameras to modern science labs, modular study systems, and well-equipped shops. Still, faculty and students think that the average Central High student is *doomed to a second-rate place in life,* simply because he's been taught to think of himself as inferior.

Doug Davidson, Central's student body president, says: "I think that Central students really don't have any incentive to pursue any type of schooling, such as college. They tend toward the technical schools and the military, just so they can go out and get a job immediately after their training. I think that's what they strive for."

Although at Central only 40 per cent of the students go on to some form of higher education, the figure for East High is more than twice that. East's principal, Nick Srdar, says: "There's very little question in my mind that higher education is a topic of conversation in families long before the students ever hit East High School, and it becomes an expectation. I think, too, that the peer group exerts a decided influence. There's no question in my

THE TIPPING FACTOR



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mind that we'll find many of tomorrow's leaders right here at East." The students to whom I talked agreed.

Duluth's socioeconomic segregation is not, of course, unique. Its scale, however, is small by comparison with, say, that in the nation's twenty largest metropolitan areas. One of Dick Bye's concerns is that socioeconomic integration in such places as metropolitan Minneapolis, with its high percentage of poor people, will still leave the schools at about the 40 per cent mark. A statewide figure of 40 per cent would exempt Duluth, something that Bye does not want to see happen. The Duluth data show what middle-class Americans have always feared—that the presence of too many poor kids will adversely affect the performance of their own children. The 30-per-cent-or-less data may be sufficient to sell the middle and upper-middle classes on socioeconomic desegregation, but the odds are they won't tolerate going any higher. Whether Duluth's leadership will accept the 30 per cent figure is still open to question. The school board seems unhappy with the concept, and the state Board of Education has doubts about whether it can make its socioeconomic guidelines stand up in court.

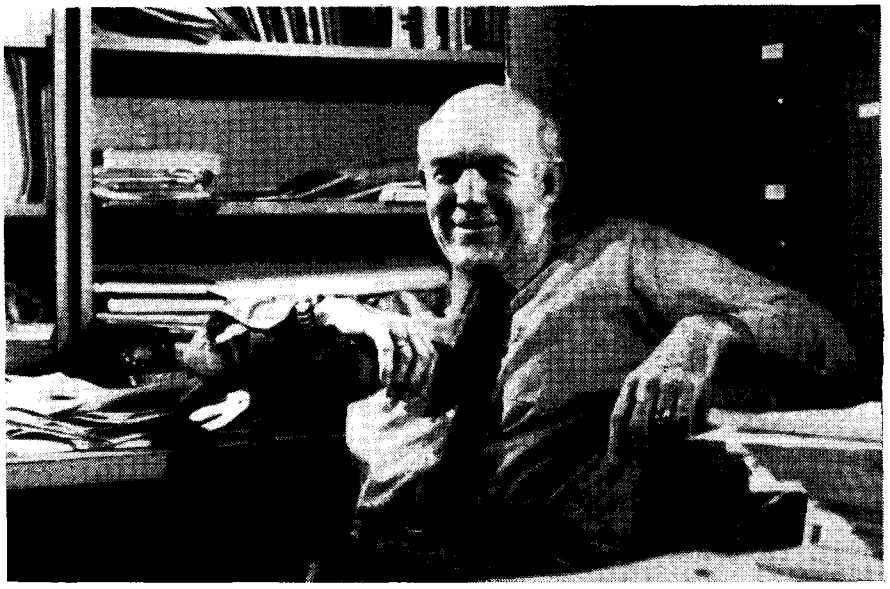
Socioeconomic desegregation is only one potential answer to the question: How can we help poor children achieve? In areas where the poor are concentrated in large masses, I suspect, the only answer may be the kind of upgrading of family environments that the Office of Economic Opportunity is trying on a pilot scale in Birmingham, Alabama, for example. Lower-class mothers and their children are involved in a Head Start-style program that is as much for the parents as for the children. Both are taught during the school day, and the hope is that through a raising of the educational level, aspirations, and sense of awareness of the mothers, the benefits will reach the children. The infusion of such motivated children into a middle-class school system might even make the 30 per cent tipping factor obsolete—permitting 40 per cent, and perhaps higher, socioeconomic integration. The ideal, of course, would be equal educational opportunity for all children from kindergarten onward, but the realization of that ideal seems extremely distant at the moment.

To reach that ideal, we'll have to get over feeling "uncomfortable" about discussing class distinctions in public. But I wonder whether, with all the other emotional and psychological shocks our society is experiencing, we'll ever be able to bring ourselves to accept and implement what Tom Pettigrew and James S. Coleman are telling us must be done. □

Class . . . and the Classroom

CLASS INTEGRATION—A FUNDAMENTAL BREAK WITH THE PAST

James S. Coleman, professor of social relations at Johns Hopkins University and author of "Adolescent Society" and of "Adolescents and the Schools," is perhaps best known as the man who directed the study "Equality of Educational Opportunity," subsequently known as the Coleman Report. Here Dr. Coleman, in a rare interview, responds to questions by Dick Hubert on class desegregation.



Dick Hubert: Is it possible to agree on what constitutes equal educational opportunity?

James S. Coleman: The classic definition explained educational equality in terms of inputs to schools—the quality of textbooks, size of classrooms, age of the physical plant, teacher training. Only recently has there been a shift to looking at the consequences of the school, looking at what schools really do, and how well children perform in their educational environment. When one looks at equality in terms of school outputs, a whole set of new factors must be examined.

Is it possible to agree on what constitutes quality education?

I suppose the sharpest difference is between those who say that quality education can be provided in racially or socioeconomically segregated environments and those who say that quality education requires some kind of social class integration. For the latter, quality education for children either of advantaged or disadvantaged backgrounds really depends upon experience with persons unlike themselves.

Have you seen any studies or research that would indicate that your 1966 report was wrong?

No, at least none that indicate that the basic results were wrong. In fact, there is strong and solid research that substantiates that the most important attribute of the child's performance in school has to do with his own family

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background—essentially the educational characteristics of that background. The other aspects of the report have also been confirmed in one way or another. By "other aspects" I mean those concerning the effect of other children's backgrounds on a child's performance. Various studies continue to suggest that attributes of the other students in the school strongly influence a child's achievement, though not as much as the effects of his own family background. Now I think the definitive research on this question remains to be done, because more controlled environments, more controlled settings, are required than were available in our research. Nevertheless, the evidence strongly suggests that the social composition of the student body affects student achievement.

Class integration poses a major problem in education today. Why is the concept so difficult for people to accept?
Years ago the question would never have troubled us since the possibility did not exist of persons from different social classes segregating themselves by residence and forming, in effect, homogeneous communities that could have, in a sense, private schools supported by public funds. Class integration, I think, represents a fundamental break with the past because it asserts the importance of social choice over individual choice. Many people in this country made an individual choice to leave the city and move to nice homes in the suburbs where their children could attend a good school. Consequently, people have been able to buy on the private market, not only residential settings to their taste, but also educational settings to their taste. The age of the automobile and the ease of transportation made it possible for people to live in densely populated areas, which are homogeneous by class, and to buy the kind of schooling they wanted at the same time that they bought a house. Now to reverse that situation by public fiat, or some other kind of legislative decision, really goes against the grain for many people.

What does class segregation do to American society, in your view?
It's only in recent times that class segregation has been a problem in schools. The question of what segregation by class does can be answered on several bases. It can be approached on the basis of common, everyday experience, which is reinforced to some degree by social-science experience, or it can be answered on the basis of systematic research results. The research results indicate that a child's performance, especially a working-class child's performance, is greatly benefited by his going to school with children who come from educationally stronger backgrounds. Now we might call these stronger backgrounds a higher class level, in the sense that the parents have had more years of schooling, that they read more magazines, newspapers, and books in their homes, that they talk about reading, computation, and similar concerns. When a working-class child is in this kind of school, he performs better than he would if in a homogeneous setting.

Can the educated kids be brought down in their achievement levels by large numbers of low-income children?
The evidence is as follows: As long as the school is predominantly middle-class, approximately 60 per cent or more, there is no detrimental effect on middle-class kids—that is, of having up to 40 per cent working-class, lower-class kids in the classroom. There seems to be a phenomenon at work that could be characterized as cultural dominance. Cultural dominance of middle-class norms prevails in middle-class schools, with a teacher teaching toward those standards and with students striving to maintain those standards. Conversely, in a predominantly lower-class school, standards prevail that are oftentimes antischool and that are oriented toward lack of performance or low performance in school. Furthermore, though research findings here are less conclusive than on some other points, I think that middle-class milieus—what I call educational hothouses—run the risk of providing too much insulation from everyday realities. Parents naturally tend to want to protect their children from life's vicissitudes, but at the same time children often benefit from exposure to some of the kinds of problems they will later have to face. Let me not underemphasize, however, that class desegregation can cause serious problems when implemented in an unstable way, where a set of persons who have not been together comes together without preparation in a new setting.

Then, is it fair to say that peer-group influence and the education of the parents are more important than per-pupil expenditure, teachers, and curriculum?
All factors considered, the most important variable—in or out of school—in a child's performance remains his family's educational background. The second most important factor is the educational background, the social-class background, of the families of the children in the school. These two elements are much more important than any physical attributes of the school. I guess what I'm saying is that a child's learning is a function more of the characteristics of his classmates than of those of the teacher.

How do you accomplish class integration at this stage of American society?
It would have been easy to accomplish class integration in the United States 100, or even 50, years ago when we didn't have the kind of residential segregation by class that we have now. In dense and large urban areas, class integration is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to achieve. What I think is needed in the long run is a new and totally different solution to what comprises a school. I would characterize this approach as a breaking apart of the school—where some of the child's activities are carried out in one setting, others in another setting. Some of these activities would be class-integrated, but not all need be. When a child has a diverse array of educational settings, then it's not necessary for every one of those settings to be class-integrated.

Are people surprised by your report's findings and their implications?
Perhaps at the beginning. But then they think back to their own educational experience and about the things they consider in trying to select a school for their children, and they realize what their own criteria are for "a good school." And they are no longer surprised.

Why has there been such reluctance, which cuts across political lines, to accept your report's findings?
I think that the solutions that are implied by those findings are extremely difficult to achieve. They imply that persons in the community can no longer take the easy way out by sending their children to a homogeneous school and at the same time pay for other children, lower-class children, also to attend homogeneous schools. It requires, in a sense, a conscious going back to what we have always characterized in America as the common school, where children of all different social classes intermingled.

Can we turn back the clock, given the various pressure groups and the kinds of commitments to the status quo *that exist?*
I think the answer depends upon leadership at the federal, state, and community levels. It depends upon our national willingness. Communities certainly should ask themselves how they can come to have the common school, the common American school that was characteristic of our past and that is important to provide equal educational opportunities. Historically, that common American school was provided by necessity. At present, it has to be provided by conscious choice, and I think communities have to face this, as Duluth is facing it. □

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Many Stars; an Unknown Heroine

You've all heard of Dame Margot Fonteyn, the world's greatest senior ballerina and permanent (*and* essential) guest artist with Britain's Royal Ballet. And you all know that Antoinette Sibley is unequaled as the Royal's junior ballerina. Dame Margot has been dancing to perfection this season, usually with Rudolf Nureyev as her partner, at the Metropolitan Opera House, and Miss Sibley, with the magnificent Anthony Dowell as her constant cavalier (the perfect pair!), has suffused the stage with her personal beauty and great artistry. But is anyone, among the thousands who have attended the Royal Ballet in New York, familiar with Anita Young? Miss Young is an unsung ballet heroine. You've seen her, but you don't know her by name.

In your Met program Miss Young is the last listed of twenty-eight Shadows who open Nureyev's production of Act IV ("The Kingdom of the Shades") of *La Bayadère*, the Marius Petipa masterpiece (with music of Ludwig Minkus) of the last century. Miss Young is the first to enter, and she leads all the girls down a black ramp (they are in white) and in continuing ellipses around the great stage. The recurrent movement is an *arabesque penché*, a difficult step in which the dancer stands on one leg, extends the other more than head high to the rear, and tilts her body toward the floor. If she misses, the next pattern will find her falling on her head. Miss Young, who this year is master sergeant of the Shadows for the first time, executes thirty-eight consecutive *arabesques penchés*! She is not yet a Fonteyn or a Sibley, but she is absolutely essential to the most spectacular ballet *entrée* to be seen in Leningrad, London, or New York.

Also essential to the company, obviously, are its new director, Kenneth MacMillan, who succeeded Sir Frederick Ashton three years ago, and Dame Ninette de Valois, who in 1931 founded the inceptive dance troupe that subsequently became the Royal Ballet. MacMillan is a controversial figure in Europe both as a director and as a choreographer. There are those who feel that

Wayne Eagling (left), Antoinette Sibley, and Anthony Dowell in the Royal Ballet's "Triad."

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the performing shimmer and spirit that Sir Frederick instilled in the Royal Ballet have lessened, but no one argues the fact that MacMillan, next to Ashton, is England's most accomplished choreographer, spotty though he surely is.

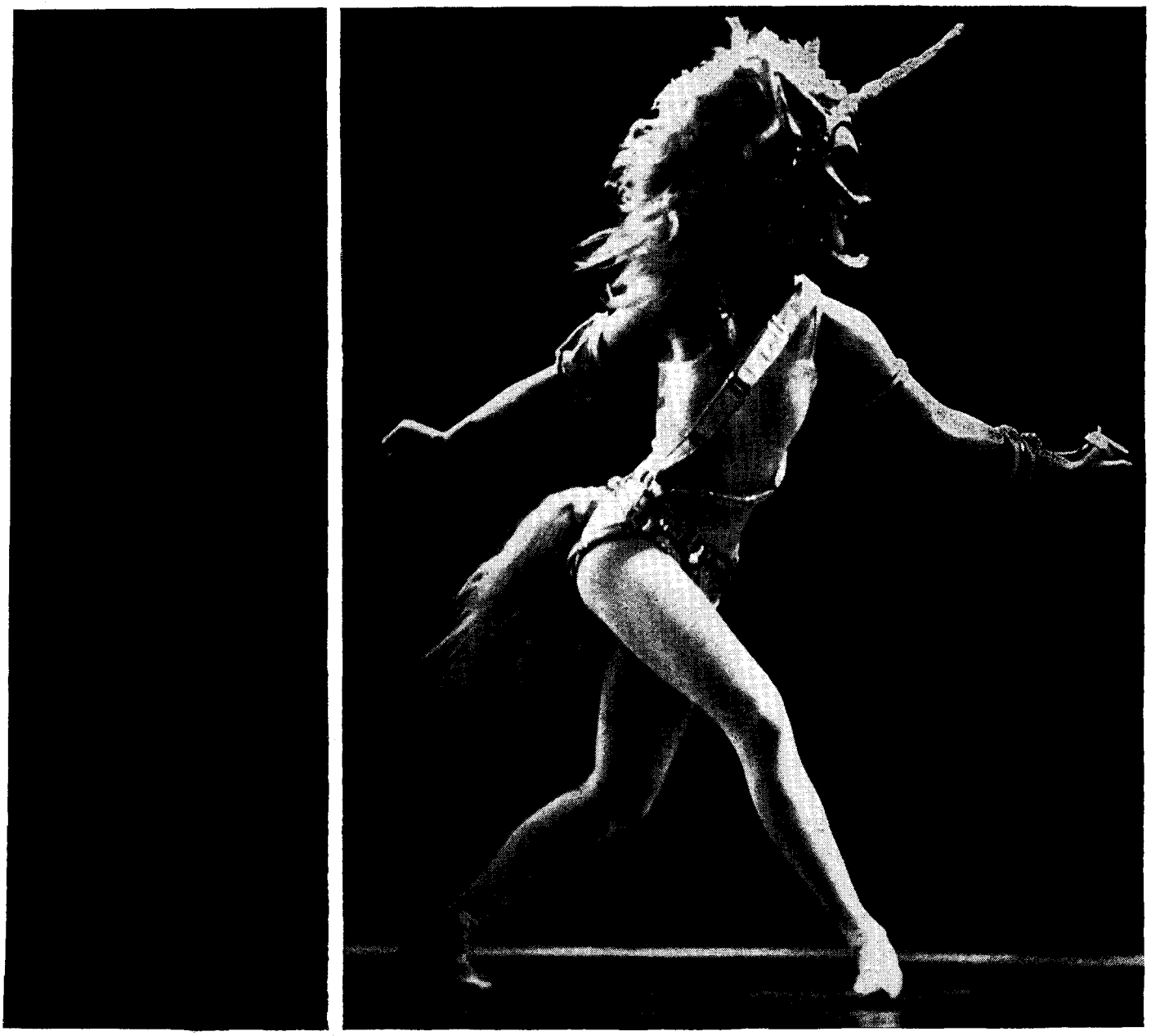
This visit by the Royal Ballet has brought not only the superb MacMillan spectacle-ballet that we have seen on many occasions, *Romeo and Juliet* (the evening-long Prokofiev ballet), but also new MacMillan creations. *Triad*, a short work, also set to Prokofiev (Violin Concerto No. 1), is the best, and the three-act *Anastasia*, set to some of Tchaikovsky's most untheatrical music plus the modern Martinu plus some electronic bits, is not only the worst MacMillan ballet I have ever seen but also a totally crashing bore by any standards.

Triad, which is about a girl who invades the close relationship between two brothers, may seem to some to have homosexual overtones, but I felt it to be rooted in something like the deep mystique of twins who are both dual and one. MacMillan captures this feeling tastefully but, what is more, imaginatively. The contours of his movements are generally balletic, but the dynamism is that of modern dance; this is, indeed, a striking integration of the elegance and dignity of classicism with the passionate, almost visceral, expressivity of free dance.

In the cast I saw, Dowell and Wayne Eagling were most appealing as the brothers whose bond goes deeper than physicality, and Miss Sibley, as the girl, touched the heart with a portrayal involving need, desire, rejection. A most rewarding, adult ballet, rich in striking designs as well as in dramatic intensity.

Wasn't it the late Tallulah Bankhead who once described an opulent production by reversing an old adage and saying, "There is less to this than meets the eye"? *Anastasia* might well be thus described. MacMillan in 1967 created a one-act ballet for the Berlin Opera Ballet. It was centered upon the character of Anna Anderson, who is continuing her legal battle in German courts to be recognized as the Grand Duchess Anastasia, the only survivor of the Russian imperial family murdered in Ekaterinburg, following the Russian Revolution.

It is a fascinating mystery. Mrs. Anderson wrote a book called *I Am Anastasia*; she has been accepted by certain members of the imperial household and rejected by many others; Emily Coleman, for many years the brilliant dance and music critic of *Newsweek*, said, "Anyone that stupid and that arrogant has just got to be a Grand Duchess." Whatever the pros and cons,



Susan Shtulman in the Cincinnati Ballet Company's production of Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore."

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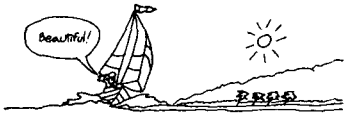

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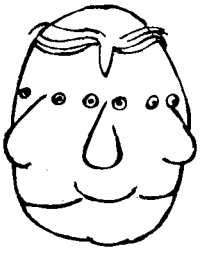

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MacMillan has managed to turn the tale into a disastrously dull ballet. The third act—the original Berlin one-acter—is far and away the best part of the ballet, although it is pretty much of a choreographic jumble, and Lynn Seymour, the Royal's foremost actress-dancer, is haunting as the woman beset with fantasies, beliefs, and denials.

But the first two acts (Tchaikovsky), dealing with a 1914 picnic and a 1917 ball interrupted by revolutionary actions, are about as bad as ballet can get. Even Sibley and Dowell, as the great *prima ballerina assoluta*, Kschessinka, and her *danseur*, are hard put to make an extremely difficult *pas de deux* look good. Barry Kay's scenery and costumes, however, are modern and effective, but they, not the choreography, meet the eye.

Briefly, I must also report that Dame Margot and Nureyev have been splendid in MacMillan's *Romeo* and in the old Petipa-Ivanov *Swan Lake*, and that Sibley and Dowell in Ashton's minor but lovely *Thaïs* and in his glorious *The Dream* (Shakespeare) have made very special magic.

Cincinnati

Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore*, a madrigal fable, has just been mounted by the Cincinnati Ballet, David McLain, director; the Cincinnati Symphony, Thomas Schippers, director; and the University of Cincinnati Chamber Choir. This enchanting work is not new, of course, for it was first commissioned by the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation in the Library of Congress and presented there in 1956; in 1957 it was produced by the New York City Ballet and many years later was given at the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy. Choreography for all of these was by John Butler. The Cincinnati production comes from Spoleto, with scenery and costumes by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, but with brand-new choreography by Louis Johnson. The opening-night audience in the marvelous, old Music Hall Auditorium, beautifully restored yet keeping its near-century-old grandeur (it was built in 1876), cheered the elaborate staging and the artists, musicians, and dancers.

Memory is not always dependable, but I do think that Butler did the better choreographic job, for there was sweep to the action and intimate gestural poignancy in his telling of the tale of a Poet whose pets—the Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore—are actually the symbols of dashing youth, proudful maturity, and old age, and whose neighbors think of these creatures as status symbols that they have to duplicate. The neighbors, of course, can never understand a man who "shuns the Countess's parties . . . yawns at town meetings . . . will not let the Doctor take his pulse . . . and does not go to church on Sundays."

Mr. Johnson, however, has devised lively action for this madrigal in movement, and I especially enjoyed, as did the audience, the mimed anguishes of Sharon Cole as the Countess who insists on matching the Poet pet for pet, and Orrin Kayan as the nonconforming Man in the Castle (the Poet).

It is heaven, the height of pure dance, to see the opening corps sequences of *Bayadère*, but how marvelous to see total lyric theater in which dance, song, poetry, instrumentation, acting, staging are one, for "all remains intact within the poet's heart." □

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James Baldwin on the Sixties: Acts and Revelations

BY BENJAMIN DEMOTT

NO NAME IN THE STREET

by James Baldwin

Dial, 197 pp., $5.95

Pity spokesmen; their lot is hard. The movement of their ideas is looked at differently from that of other men, studied for clues and confirmations, and comes therefore to seem unindividual—less a result of personal growth than of cultural upsurge. Why in 1961 did James Baldwin speak of the black man's "love" of the white man? (The passage occurs in *Notes of a Native Son*: "No one in the world . . . knows Americans better or . . . loves them more than the American Negro. . . . We are bound together forever. We are part of each other.") Answer: Baldwin spoke of love because the times dictated this line.

Again, why in 1963 did James Baldwin amend the concept of love, introducing the notion of a saving remnant committed to raising levels of consciousness? (The passage occurs at the end of *The Fire Next Time*: "If we—and now I mean the relatively conscious whites and the relatively conscious blacks, who must, like lovers, insist on, or create, the consciousness of the others—do not falter in our duty now, we may be able, handful that we are, to end racial nightmare, and achieve our country, and change the history of the world.") Answer: Baldwin amended the concept of love because in those years the movement had begun to awaken to itself and the awakening dictated the amendments.

Yet again, why in 1972 does James Baldwin announce that the black man "must kill" the white? (The passages occur in the book at hand: ". . . it is not necessary for a black man to hate a white man, or to have any particular feelings about him at all, in order to realize that he must kill him." And, "There will be bloody holding actions all over the world, for years to come: but the Western party is over, and the white man's sun has set. Period.") Answer: Baldwin speaks of killing because the advent of a new militancy, together with disillusionment about prospects for reform, dictates still further change.

Difficulty in seeming to be your own man, rather than a knee-jerk reactor to events, is but one of many problems besetting spokesmen. Another has to do with expense of spirit. Few Americans have been called on as frequently as has James Baldwin in the last decade to function as the public voice of rage or frustration or denunciation or grief. Repeatedly, on television, on college platforms, at hundreds of public meetings, the author of *The Fire Next Time* has had to seek within himself both the energies and the vocabulary of fury—to search for the words that will make real to himself and others the latest atrocity. Traditional oratory can perhaps be equal to cattle prods, mortgage racketeers, heroin syndicates, and assassinations. But where in his word-hoard can a spokesman reach for means of articulating feelings about defenseless children bombed to death while singing a hymn at Sunday school? What terms does he find to name his revulsion on learning that at a state prison an already wounded prisoner was stabbed three times in the rectum with a screwdriver by a "correction officer"? How does he conduct a hunt for language that hasn't been emptied out by repetition—how can he witness his own scramblings for freshness without coming in some sense to despise this self-involved fastidiousness? To function as a voice of outrage month after month for a decade and more strains heart and mind,

Benjamin DeMott is the author of two novels and four essay collections, the latest of which is *Surviving the Seventies*.

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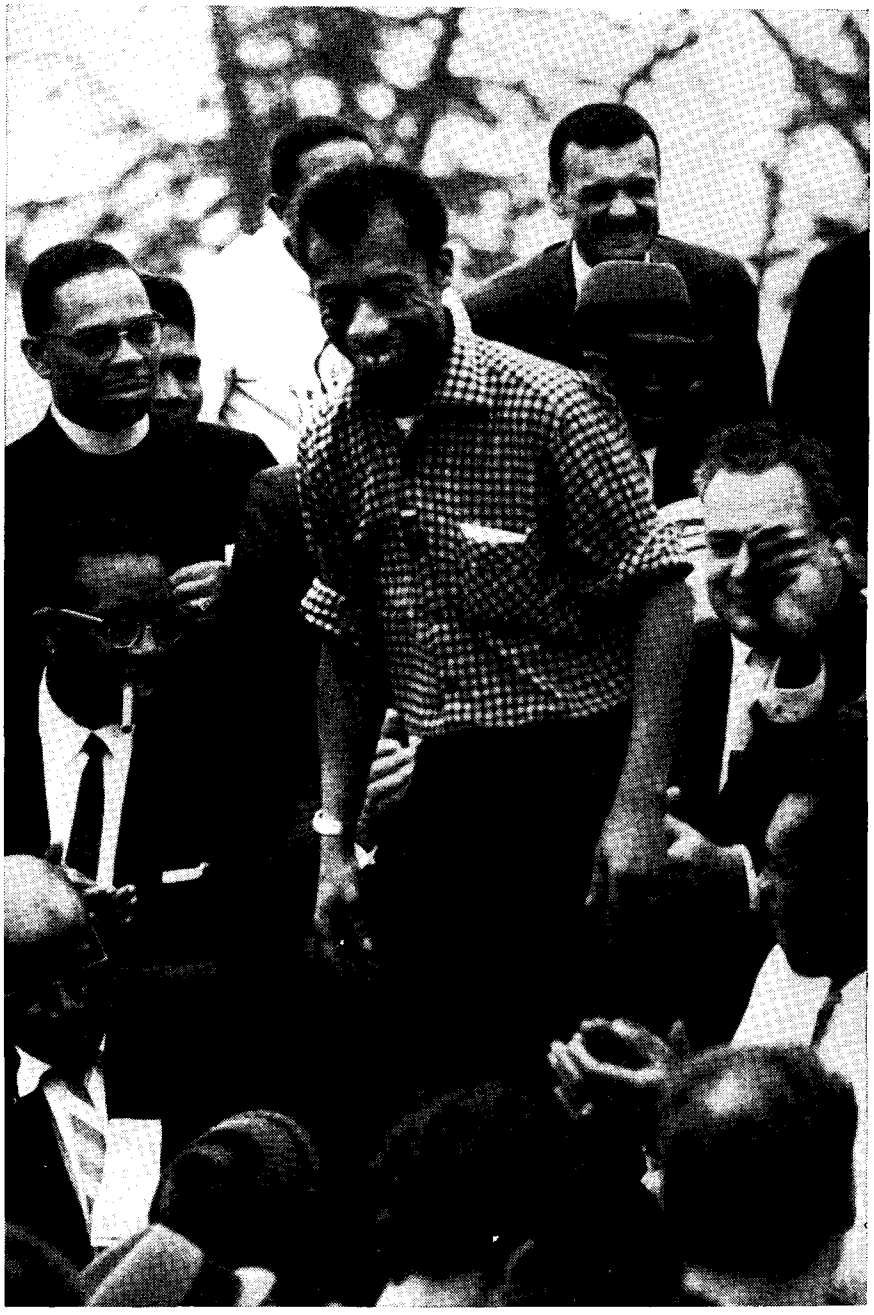
and rhetoric as well; the consequence is a writing style ever on the edge of being winded by too many summonses to intensity. You write, if you are James Baldwin, "The land seems nearly to weep beneath the burden of this civilization's unnameable excrescences"—and perhaps hesitate for a minute, dissatisfied by the sentence, the willed pathos. But what can be done? Shrug, and let the words stand.

Then, further, there's the problem of fame, and how to handle its trophies. The spokesman becoming a celebrity among celebrities need not forsake his cause, isn't obliged to care less than before about his people. But his life circumstances must change. Earlier on, the round of his days could be simply described; no clutter of details associated with conventional success and achievement undercut his protest at the denials of American life. Now, however, he is everywhere undercut. In *No Name in the Street* James Baldwin visits Watts and works in schools—and returns in the afternoon to the Beverly Hills, and condescends to the hotel's ambience in passing (". . . as hotels go, the Beverly Hills is more congenial than most. . . ."). In the Seventies this writer's first-name world embraces not just "Huey" and "Angela" but "Eartha," "Gadge," "Marlon," dozens of the beautiful; his own retinue includes chauffeur and bodyguard; his domiciles multiply; and when, at the close of his book, he dates the work and places its composition, hints of splendor rise from the words: "New York, San Francisco, Hollywood, London, Istanbul, St. Paul de Vence, 1967-1971."

Finally, the spokesman has competition. Is it not tasteless to contend that men compete for recognition as champion voice of agony? Tasteless, yet true. Fame and power are at stake here as elsewhere, and while the writer is concerned not to exalt himself above his cause, he is scarcely an innocent; he feels the others crowding him, bidding for a share of influence. And distraction mounts. Not every commentary on the meaning of the black experience in the Sixties, or earlier, intrudes on the turf marked out by *The Fire Next Time*. Julius Lester's tale of the times, *Search for a New Land*, is more journalistic than apocalyptic; James Foreman's *The Making of Black Revolutionaries* traces intricacies of political infighting among civil-rights groups in a manner that inhibits emotional involvement; and if Harold Cruse's *Crisis of the Negro Intellectual* ranks as a committed work, its tone is historical and scholarly almost to the end, and the personal voice is cool.

But angrier books abound. There's ferocity in Ameer Baraka, and Eldridge Cleaver has gone so far as to attack the author of *Nobody Knows My Name* and to argue straight out, in *Soul on Ice* (1967), that Baldwin's "name" is inflated and his message muddled: "There is in James Baldwin's work the most grueling, total hatred of the blacks, particularly of himself, and the most shameful, fanatical, fawning, sycophantic love of the whites that one can find in the writings of any black American writer of note in our time. This is an appalling contradiction, and the implications of it are vast."

In a word, there's a price for everything, spokesmanship included. The pressures are serious, they build up quickly—and their effect is evident in the work at hand. *No Name in the Street*, a reconstruction of James Baldwin's activities and states of mind during the Sixties (there are glances further backward, and the book ends with President Nixon congratulating



James Baldwin (above) on the 1963 march to Montgomery, Alabama, and (above, right) with French author Jean Genet—"Few Americans have been called on as frequently as has James Baldwin in the last decade to function as the public voice of rage or frustration or denunciation or grief."

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Governor Rockefeller on his handling of the Attica uprising), is less powerful, rhetorically, than *The Fire Next Time*, and, although self-referential, contains nothing to match the family remembrances in *Notes on a Native Son*. The writer is restless, rushes himself, seems bored with the drill of conventional dramatization. Much space is given, in the latter portion of the book, to his efforts on behalf of his former bodyguard, Tony Maynard by name, imprisoned on a murder charge; the pages lose force because Maynard, underdone as a character, lays no claim on the audience as a distinct human creature. Much space is also assigned to a projected movie of *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*; these pages lose force because the writer fails to take his reader to the center of the crisis of "control" that led to war with the studio and the decision to abandon the screenplay. Students of James Baldwin's novels will find in the present work a number of images and episodes with interesting bearings on *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, *Another Country*, even *Giovanni's Room*. But the book as a whole resembles a collection of fragments—snapshots of friends, new snippets about the Harlem boyhood and the down-and-out-in-Paris years, glimpses of the writer on magazine assignment in the South, reports of encounters with Dr. King, Malcolm, Huey Newton. And the unifying ruminations —discursive and historical remarks on the meaning of black-white relationships, predictions about the course of these relationships in the years ahead —don't invariably avoid repetitiousness.

Yet, despite the book's faults, despite the trials and afflictions of his spokesmanship, this author retains a place in an extremely select group: that composed of the few genuinely indispensable American writers. He owes his rank partly to the qualities of responsiveness that have marked his work from the beginning and that seem unlikely ever to disappear from it. Time and time over in fiction as in reportage, Baldwin tears himself free of his rhetorical fastenings and stands forth on the page utterly absorbed in the reality of the person before him, strung with his nerves, riveted to his feelings, breathing his breath. And such moments turn up still in his writing. Here is Baldwin remembering Birmingham, a talk with Reverend Shuttlesworth, an instant at which the minister considers the issue of safety. It's nighttime, early in the voter-registration drive; ahead lie stepped-up bombings, and murders. The two men have been talking together, in Baldwin's hotel room. During the conversation Shuttlesworth keeps walking back and forth to the window. The writer realizes his guest is checking on his car below, making sure nobody puts a bomb in it. He wants to say this, wants to acknowledge the danger and his own awareness of it—but the minister offers him no opening. At last, as Shuttlesworth is leaving, Baldwin speaks out ("I could not resist. . . . I was worried. . . ."), and he sees the man's face change ("a shade of sorrow crossed his face, deep, impatient, dark"), and at once he lives into the response imaginatively, naming it from within, sensing the "impersonal anguish," showing forth the minister wrestling within himself, confronting fear with the almost-sustaining truth that "the danger in which he stood was as nothing compared with the spiritual horror which drove those who were trying to destroy him."

Precisely the same swiftness of penetration occurs as the writer remembers a classic moment of exclusion. He enters a small-town southern restaurant through the "wrong door":

> "What you want, boy? What you want in here?" And then, a decontaminating gesture, "Right around there, boy. Right around there."

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I had no idea what [the waitress] was talking about. I backed out the door.

"Right around there, boy," said a voice behind me.

A white man had appeared out of nowhere, on the sidewalk which had been empty not more than a second before. I stared at him blankly. He watched me steadily, with a kind of suspended menace. . . . He had pointed to a door, and I knew immediately that he was pointing to the colored entrance. And this was a dreadful moment—as brief as lightning, and far more illuminating. I realized that this man thought that he was being kind. . . .

Clearly James Baldwin can still take a feeling from inside: Amidst terror, he registers an exact reading of the combined sense of power and inner, *moral* self-approval in the white who shows him "the right way."

But what matters at least as much as this responsiveness is Baldwin's continuing willingness to accept the obligation imposed on him by his pride —namely, that of specifying the losses to the culture as a whole flowing from its blindness to truths born in and taught by blackness. To say this isn't entirely to discount the chronicle aspect of *No Name in the Street*. The narrative is spotty and discontinuous, but it does provide inklings of what it would be like to possess a coherent (although devastatingly despairing) view of recent times, to be able to see even the most dreadful events as part of a pattern. For some citizens the fates of Dr. King, Malcolm X, and Robert Kennedy can be gathered only under a vague rubric ("violence in America," "shocking," "beyond understanding"). Baldwin's narrative is told from the perspective of someone noting connections, replacing soft illusions of randomness with hard-boned inevitabilities, and often justifying his readings by citing particulars not only of his own feelings but of those of the victims. Everywhere in the book linkages are fixed between events that white memories tend to hold apart—witness these comments on the close of the great Washington Monument petitionary march and its sequel:

Martin finished with one hand raised: "Free at last, free at last, praise God Almighty, I'm free at last!" That day, for a moment, it almost seemed that we stood on a height, and could see our inheritance; perhaps we could make the kingdom real, perhaps the beloved community would not forever remain that dream one dreamed in agony. The people quietly dispersed at nightfall, as had been agreed. . . . I was in Hollywood when, something like two weeks later, my phone rang, and a nearly hysterical, white, female CORE worker told me that a Sunday school in Birmingham had been bombed, and that four young black girls had been blown into eternity. That was the first answer we received to our petition.

Merely by pointing at "sequels," Baldwin bares the structure of the times as given in the experience of his community, and it is a fearful sight.

And it is, to repeat, the author's resources of pride that figure most strikingly in the acts of revelation. True pride is never less than stunning—which is to say, even if it didn't impose obligations, Baldwin's pride would remain a phenomenon notable in itself. These fierce resistances, iron spurnings of every prepared slot of "inferiority"—it is wrong to view them esthetically and thereby drain them of psychological urgency; yet it's hard to gaze on them without remembering Keats's remarks on the "fineness" of a quarrel in the street. The key to excitement in Baldwin's writing is the imminence of contest, the brooding rage to prove self-worth, to duel with the humiliators and cut through to their place of blankness. And it's his grasp of his comparative worth that demands the duel, forces him into "availability," openness to others; he's driven to perceive inner realities as they exist for persons not himself at least in part because, the system being what it is, others are bound to misassess him, bound to need setting straight. There are no wild moments of release in *No Name in the Street* matching the terrible passage in *Notes of a Native Son* wherein the young Baldwin, told for the thousandth time ". . . don't serve Negroes here," roars up from his chair and hurls a half-full pitcher of water, shattering mirrors behind the bar. The gestures in the name of worth here become gestures of mind, and sometimes take the form of dismissals of traditional culture:

The South African coal miner, or the African digging for roots in the bush, or the Algerian mason working in Paris, not only have no reason to bow down before Shakespeare, or Descartes, or Westminster Abbey, or the cathedral at Chartres: they have, once these monuments intrude on their attention, no honorable access to them. Their apprehension of this history cannot fail to reveal to them that they have been robbed, maligned, and rejected: to bow down before that history is to accept that history's arrogant and unjust judgment.

The dream of demolishing history is extravagant and in the end self-diminishing; the force of the will, the superb hatred of bowing down nevertheless compels admiration.

But, as just indicated, the prime use of Baldwin's writing is as a guide to fortunes possessed by the dispossessed. Other writers—Frantz Fanon, Albert Memmi, Paolo Freire—hint at the size of the holdings, open up awareness of the way in which a thousand assumptions would be transformed if standard middle-class reality had to negotiate its acceptance with things as they truly are. And these writers exceed James Baldwin in restraint; Baldwin's proud-hearted love of his people often sends him close to euphoric boosting:

. . . the doctrine of white supremacy, which still controls most white people, is itself a stupendous delusion: but to be born black is an immediate, a mortal challenge. People who cling to their delusions find it difficult, if not impossible, to learn anything worth learning: a people under the necessity of creating themselves must examine everything, and soak up learning the way the roots of a tree soak up water.

But when he lays out his case experientially, it has uncommon authority. "I have been to Watts to give high-school lectures," he writes, and

these despised, maligned, and menaced children have an alertness, an eagerness, and a depth which I certainly did not find in—or failed to elicit from—students at many splendid universities. The future leaders of this country (in principle, anyway) do not impress me as being the intellectual equals of the most despised among us. I am not being vindictive when I say that, nor am I being sentimental or chauvinistic; and indeed the reason that this would be so is a very simple one. It is only very lately that white students, in the main, have had any reason to question the structure into which they were born; it is the very lateness of the hour, and their bewildered resentment—their sense of having been betrayed—which is responsible for their romantic excesses; and a young, white revolutionary remains, in general, far more romantic than a black one. For it is a very different matter, and results in a very different intelligence, to grow up under the necessity of questioning everything—everything, from the question of one's identity to the literal, brutal question of how to save one's life in order to begin to live it. White children . . . whether they are rich or poor, grow up with a grasp of reality so feeble that they can very accurately be described as deluded—about themselves and the world they live in. . . .

The writer means to create an image of his people that will not only recover their dignity, that will not only spell out what they have to teach, but that will sting all sane folk to jealousy. It is, many will say, adopting postures of regret and pity, a typical "spokesman's project"—and doubtless there's justice in the observation. But the lesson Baldwin teaches in this flawed, bitter, continuously instructive book—you make your way to actualities only by waking to the arbitrariness of things —goes out a few miles beyond "race issues." And those among us who can't or won't master the lesson, or who, having mastered it, carp instead of clap at the pugnacity behind it, had best save the pity for themselves. □

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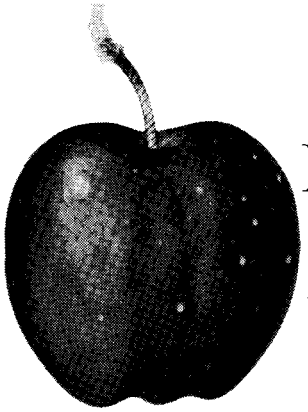

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THE PRINCE, by R. M. Koster *(Morrow, 351 pp., $7.95)*; **SUMMER SOLSTICE, by Elizabeth North** *(Knopf, 211 pp., $5.95)*; **BODIES IN MOTION, by Zane Kotker** *(Knopf, 177 pp., $5.95)*; **MAIDEN, by Cynthia Buchanan** *(Morrow, 212 pp., $5.95)*; **THE MANY MANSIONS OF SAM PEEPLES, by Howard McMillen** *(Viking, 299 pp., $7.95)*; **THE DEAD OF THE HOUSE, by Hannah Green** *(Doubleday, 180 pp., $5.95)*; **THE RIVERS OF EROS, by Cyrus Colter** *(Swallow, 219 pp., $6.95)*; **FIRST BLOOD, by David Morrell** *(Evans, 252 pp., $5.95)*

Reviewed by Joseph Catinella

To call these eight books "first novels" may be misleading if the other seven writers have had R. M. Koster's experience. *The Prince*, according to the jacket, is "his seventh novel; the first six were stillborn." Koster apparently has been wise enough to write and rewrite until he was ready to face his critics and himself.

A big, inventive, exuberant story, *The Prince* overflows with quasi-encyclopedic lore about a mythical republic located within "the lost continent of Central America." Part political lampoon, part cautionary tale, the story is narrated by Kiki Sancudo, a madcap Machiavelli and the son of the thrice-deposed president of Tinieblas. Kiki is a "dribbling basketcase," with control over only his eyes and two fingers. He occasionally grunts and manages a twisted smile. Carried around his house by his servants, wife, and mistress, he plots revenge against the man whose bullets reduced him to the condition of a vegetable.

Kiki's mind is intact, however, as he recalls his days as a gunrunner, whoremonger, pimp, movie actor, poker player, Olympic wrestler, and Tinieblan ambassador to France and Spain. Kiki rambles on about his brief, holy hour as President of his country when he was the foe of Mafia syndicates and "gringo" invasions. Evoking nightmarish fiestas and dreams of national glory, this grotesque hero is hatched from his author's ripest fancies. Koster's prose-picture of the decline of civic and moral ideals is touched with compassion for all supermen cut down in their prime.

Thirty-two-year-old "Baisie" Green, heroine of Elizabeth North's *Summer Solstice*, yearns for an ideal life or, at least, the chance to realize her human potential. Trapped on a failing farm in Dorset and married to a clod, Baisie varies her domestic routine by serving two kinds of cake for tea, milking cows, lunching with women friends, or visiting the hairdresser. Like a latter-day Dorothea Brooke of *Middlemarch* (who hasn't read Doris Lessing), Baisie has no outlet for her undefined urges. "My center is full of a negative blank hum," she laments. At a cocktail party given by her mother, Baisie finally speaks out after drinking several glasses of sherry. "I am an emergent woman seeking self-determination," she announces. But rather than enroll for university courses, she learns all about adultery in the arms of a philandering executive of a jute company in Bournemouth. Baisie is a woman with only the slightest sense of who she is. The author satirizes the mental torpor and turmoil of her British farm wife but never patronizes her.

Sonya, the protagonist of Zane Kotker's *Bodies in Motion*, seems already to have "emerged" as both a woman and a wife. Sonya quits her job as a freelance photographer and marries Victor, who moves into her Manhattan apartment, bringing with him all his skiing gear and masculine smells. (This book is fraught with odors, sights, touches, and sounds; Sonya even hears "the snapping of molecules" as she moves around her West Side flat.) Mrs. Kotker has a sure instinct for the drama of daily frictions and resentments, of young mothers whose lives center in the playground and fathers who fear heart attacks. This is quiet drama, but the tension builds as Sonya begins to feel trapped in the muck and disorder of crying children. She coldly senses that God "was a Dad. He had a Son who lived in a slyly shifting cumulus location. Girls in the sky would have been blasphemous." Sonya, who doesn't want a lover or even more freelance work, solves her problems in a way that may displease Women's Liberationists but is in line with the logic of her life.

Cynthia Buchanan's *Maiden* takes us into the mind of Fortune Dundy, a thirty-year-old virgin on a sad quest for "courtly love." Fortune ducks the realities of sex while she avidly pursues every aging hippie at Villa Dionysus, a swinging singles' resort in Southern California. She does everything to attract a man—everything wrong. Her head filled with visions of Ann Blyth and Loretta Young, she wears spiked heels, white gloves, and a blond Dynel hairpiece, smokes Vogue cigarettes, and stuffs Kleenex into her bathing-suit top. When she's thrown into a pool, the tissues disintegrate "like pastel seaweed." And so, gradually, does her dream of a beau ideal. A mixed-up, no longer young kid, whose banter is made up of *non sequiturs*, dated slang, and euphemisms, Fortune is the victim of the ads, movies, and TV shows that bait a person's instinct to love, yet falsify it. *Maiden* derides our erotic fantasies and guilt, the products of a culture that exploits sex but fears its legitimate expression. This first-class novel is verbally stunning, and Fortune's fate touchingly combines pathos with dignity.

During one passage in *The Many Mansions of Sam Peeples*, the hero is discovered reading Mark Twain's *Roughing It*, and we learn that Twain is Sam's favorite author. Some of the charm of Howard McMillen's novel derives from the tall tales perfected by Twain. Sam Peeples is a foxy, engaging, fifty-eight-year-old con man, quick to anger when his property is endangered and eager to play practical jokes on those who court his mischief. The owner of Peeples' Paradise, a string of rooming houses in Kanecka City, Kansas, Sam contrives to saw a tree vertically so that half of it crashes down on a neighbor's roof; he steals tombstones that he replants in his back yard; and he sells bowling balls as paperweights. Sam also extorts money to pay off a bank note, quarrels genially with his common-law wife and five children, and favors intercourse among his unmarried tenants—but not miscegenation. "I never rent to Jews from Detroit and I never rent to high-falutin' niggers from Boston," he declares. Don't believe him, however, for his racism is skin-deep—and so is his story. Writing in a snappy, contemporary idiom, McMillen has devised an entertainment that should delight readers with a taste for updated, ersatz Americana. Unfortunately, the author has concocted an abrupt and vaguely pretentious ending for this otherwise lively farce.

The American past, as evoked in Hannah Green's *The Dead of the House*, is never dependent on obvious literary traditions or used for surface effects. The author, who consulted records of the Cincinnati Historical Society as well as the power of her imagination, has created five generations of a family in Ohio and northern Michigan. Miss Green writes with delicacy about how the land was settled by her narrator's English and French ancestors; how European culture was transformed into an essentially American way of viewing life; and how the country's strength depended on the courage and integrity of individuals. Vanessa Nye, the narrator, grows up during the 1930s, 1940s, and 1950s. Her sense of her family's past is nourished by privately printed journals and a book of her uncle Joab's poems, all frequently read aloud to Vanessa by her aged Grandfather Nye. They tell of a primeval America, a lush wilderness in which colonists and Indians sometimes lived in harmony and sometimes battled. Wars, massacres, generals, Presidents, chieftains are all part of the rich fabric of Vanessa's private

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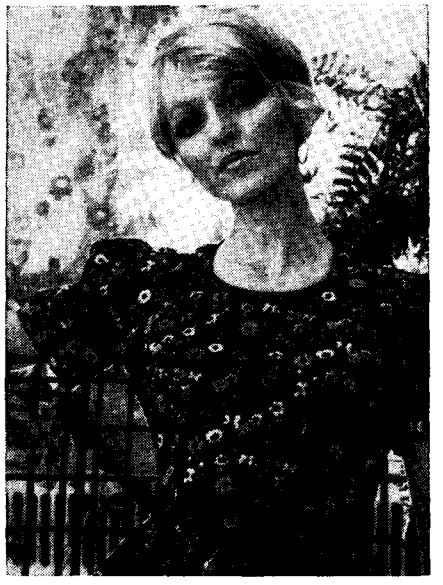
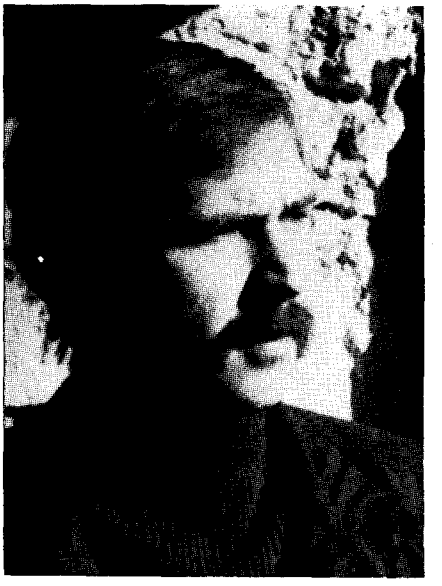

Zane Kotker, Cynthia Buchanan, and David Morrell— quiet dramatist, sex satirist, and a born storyteller.

story. She also recalls the minor conflicts between herself and her parents, the rivalry dividing her and her younger sister, and the boy she fell in love with during her summer vacations. One of Vanessa's earliest memories, the funeral of her Grandmother Nye, sets the tone for the novel:

> And all the time my vision of her body in her coffin returned and caused in my consciousness all the dead of the house to unfold like white roses blooming where they lay in their coffins in the gold drawing room, each in turn, waxen, pale, surrounded by flowers. . . . I was aware too of the calm, of the secret in their bodies when they lay in the gold drawing room, the secret they took with them into the dark earth, and of the last breathings, the restlessness, the desire not to die, which stayed behind in the house like the screaming of childbirth, like the screaming of Grandmother Nye going out of her mind that year after Joab died.

Vanessa's house symbolizes the dreams and actions of men who struggled to survive in the New World. Except for Vanessa and her Grandfather Nye, both flesh-and-blood figures, the characters are disembodied but compelling voices that speak of a vanished past and project a hopeful future. The love that pervades this book—a love of great literature, of national traditions—transcends the temporal death that awaits its characters, and celebrates a continuing life born within new generations.

The American blacks of Cyrus Colter's *The Rivers of Eros* deny the myth that they are a wild and lascivious people; yet, having heard it so often, they half-believe it. Clotilda Pilgrim runs a boardinghouse on Chicago's South Side and takes in sewing to support herself and raise her two grandchildren properly. On the surface Clotilda seems like many ghetto women of an earlier generation: sharp-tongued, energetic, steeled to resist unhappiness with an almost professional good will. But her granddaughter's nightmares force Clotilda to confront a past haunted by adultery and murder. Her life is traced back to the 1930s. Clotilda's brief affair with her brother-in-law is presented as the turning point in her family's history, for that one sexual transgression set off brutally violent events. Clotilda's story is a moving, yet always implicit, commentary on the force that racial stereotypes exert on simple and trusting minds. Framed against the gritty Chicago landscape are several memorable characters: a retired postal clerk, Ambrose Hammer, one of Clotilda's tenants, who writes a "History of the Negro Race" in his search for a clue that may invest the black man's life with meaning and purpose; Alexis, a young heroin addict, who dismisses Hammer's efforts with a mixture of scorn and sympathy; Addie, Clotilda's sixteen-year-old granddaughter, whose affair with a married man threatens to repeat the history her grandmother is trying to forget. The portrait of Clotilda herself is clear and honest about what it's like to be black, guilt-ridden, and not especially gifted in today's America. Colter won the first Iowa School of Letters Award in 1970 for *The Beach Umbrella*, his collection of short stories. Now that *The Rivers of Eros* has been published, this powerful writer should win the attention of every serious reader of fiction.

And so, for different reasons, should David Morrell. His novel *First Blood* is a terrific thriller—both terrifying and terrifically good. From the first sentence, the reader knows that a born storyteller is talking. A long-haired hitchhiker, run out of a small Kentucky town three times, keeps going back. Young Rambo refuses to be bullied by Wilfred Teasle, the town's chief of police. Teasle, distrusting the looks and disliking the fresh-talking tongue of the vagrant, throws him into jail. Rambo tells himself not to lose control, but when Chief Teasle insists that Rambo's hair and beard must be cut and one policeman reaches for his gun, Rambo is enraged. He grabs the razor and murders the man—and the plot springs into motion with sudden, electrifying force.

First Blood is the story of the prolonged manhunt for the escaped Rambo in the Kentucky mountains. It is also a carefully developed psychological study. Rambo is not just a hitchhiking hippie; he's an ex-Green Beret whose Special Forces training equipped him to endure physical torture in a Vietcong jungle camp. And Teasle is no "pig," in yesterday's student jargon; winner of the Distinguished Service Cross in Korea, he's a foil who gradually enlists Rambo's respect.

Alike in intelligence and cunning, but different in their feeling for life, the two men engage in a classic conflict of will and temperament. Both reach almost heroic stature as they overcome despair in inhuman circumstances. Rambo may be the boldest embodiment of a system that trains men to kill, but Morrell is not indicting the military. He suggests that as long as blood is ordained to flow—here or overseas—armies are justified in teaching a man to stay alive at the risk of killing others.

Is this Morrell's "first novel"? It's certainly his "first published novel," and it's his last word on how a thriller can be a work of art.

Joseph Catinella, a staff writer for a publishing company, has lectured on modern fiction at Queens College, New York City.

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FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1508

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1508 will be found in the next issue.

NHTPFXYBYZW YB N TNOJ-

NEOP PQKZKDYQ ANQXKF EP-

QNJBP YX YB XVP QVPNIPBX

CNS KA BPOOYZW WKKHB,

PBIPQYNOOS YA XVP WKKHB

NFP CKFXVOPBB.

BYZQONYF OPCYB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1507

Management consultants are people who borrow your watch to tell you what time it is and then walk off with it.

Robert Townsend

WIT TWISTER NO. 272

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

This — — — — — house abuts an ancient wood

Within whose gloom a Druid altar stood.

Musicians say the priestess, — — — — —, prayed

For her false — — — — — lover in its shade.

A.S.

(Answer on page 75)

IN THE NAME OF PROFIT

by Robert L. Heilbroner and others

Doubleday, 273 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by L. L. L. Golden

■ In *In the Name of Profit* six journalists present case histories of business practice that are horror stories. Kermit Vandivier of the Troy (Ohio) *Daily News* tells the story of the B. F. Goodrich Company's attempt to sell dangerously designed aircraft brakes to the air force. Colman McCarthy of *The Washington Post* reports on the hazardous condition of certain General Motors school buses and the company's treatment of bus owners who complained. Morton Mintz, also on the staff of *The Washington Post*, details, from the public record, how executives of the Colonial Pipeline Company, with headquarters in Atlanta, paid off the mayor of Woodbridge, New Jersey, in order to get a change of zoning laws. Sanford J. Ungar, a third *Post* reporter, reports the case of the William S. Merrell Company and the marketing of its harmful drug MER/29, which was supposed to reduce cholesterol. Saul Friedman, Washington correspondent for the Knight Newspapers syndicate, provides an article on what is now the old story of Dow Chemical and its manufacture of napalm; and James Boyd, a contributing editor of *The Washington Monthly* and formerly administrative assistant to the late Senator Thomas Dodd (whom he helped to expose), deals with the machinations of prominent businessmen who feathered their own nests at the expense of the people they were supposed to be serving.

Two of these chapters have already had wide exposure: The B. F. Goodrich case was the lead article in this April's *Harper's*, and the General Motors chapter appeared in the March 11 issue of *Saturday Review*.

That the reportage will upset readers is obvious, for the corporate actions here recorded are repulsive. They merit exposure. However, the impression given by the book's title, its foreword, its promotion and packaging, as well as by the case studies when read together, is that it is part of the normal operations of the corporation to lie, steal, poison, and kill little children—all in the name of profit. The hasty reader may conclude from reading the first part of the book that if only the profit system were abolished all our troubles would go away.

Robert L. Heilbroner, Norman Thomas Professor of Economics at the New School for Social Research, contributes a thirty-six-page second section to the book called "Controlling the Corporation." A first-rate essay, it ought to be read by every person interested in our society and the development of the corporation. Opposed to bad practice on the part of business, mindful of the necessity of curbs on profit seeking and the need for improving the level of social responsibilities among corporations, Professor Heilbroner writes: "I feel that as a general prescription for assuring a high level of responsible performance, nationalization is not a cure-all." He then goes on to point out that "nationalized corporations also pollute the environment, abuse authority, create impenetrable bureaucracies, exploit workers, defy public opinion, and generally misbehave."

Nor does Professor Heilbroner oppose big corporations simply because they are big. Their breakup into smaller entities would by no means improve matters, for, as he remarks, "the power of the corporation to work social good or evil would not be lessened by fragmenting it. It would only be made less visible and hence, in the end, less accountable or controllable than by bringing it out into the open at the top." Taking IBM as an example, Heilbroner points out that "a cluster of sons of IBM might well be pressed into a competitive struggle that would reduce the price of computer service for the nation at large, but at the cost of less handsome buildings, fewer employees amenities, and a more narrow view of corporate responsibility in general." He concludes his essay with this timely admonition: "The cause of reform, not to mention that of constructive revolution, is too important to be nurtured on anything but the truth."

L. L. L. Golden, the author of *Only by Public Consent*, keeps a close watch on corporate behavior.

THE PAPERS & THE PAPERS: An Account of the Legal and Political Battle over the Pentagon Papers

by Sanford J. Ungar

Dutton, 319 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Peter Schrag

■ If any single event of the last decade can be said to have touched nearly all the major dislocations of American politics in the Age of Nixon, that event was the publication, beginning last June, of the Pentagon Papers. Some latter-day Hollywood producer might have conceived the scenario tracing the life history of this deed from its hush-hush origin to its still-resonating aftermath, and certain individuals with pronounced paranoid tendencies could have written the script, but only a demented creator of some political

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Disneyland could have concocted all the elements: Vietnam, government secrecy and deceit, the repressive use of grand juries, overt attempts to intimidate the press, and the conversion of a whole generation of Americans from tacit faith to tacit suspicion about the doings of their highest officials.

Focusing on the legal battle between the press and government over the administration's attempts to enjoin publication of the Papers, Sanford J. Ungar has taken a major part of the story and told it brilliantly. A reporter for *The Washington Post* (which, along with *The New York Times*, was one of the major defendants), Ungar has assembled a vast amount of research to chronicle what is undoubtedly a landmark case in the struggle to preserve First Amendment rights against government control. It is scarcely a cheering landmark. For while the newspapers eventually won a technical victory that allowed them to continue publishing material from the Pentagon study, the presses were temporarily stopped and the precedent of a temporary restraining order (while the cases were being argued) was established.

The importance of Ungar's book, however, extends beyond his narrative of the battles in court: His accounts of the deliberations within the high councils of the newspapers themselves suggest how easily "responsibility" can become timidity and how quickly a concession that First Amendment guarantees are not absolute can turn into a theory of censorship. Although several of the judicial hearings in the cases of the *Times* and the *Post* were conducted *in camera*, the government's most stringent efforts to demonstrate that publication of the Papers might jeopardize national interests and security failed to impress either of the trial judges who heard them. Nonetheless, the Supreme Court's decision to allow the newspapers to resume publication came in a 6-3 vote—a meager margin on an issue as portentous as this. A number of the concurring opinions, moreover, included what amount to open invitations to the government to prosecute the culprits after the fact.

Ungar's book, likely as not, will itself become part of the continuing case of the government against the man who released the Papers to the press, Daniel Ellsberg. His trial is scheduled to begin next month in Los Angeles. In the meantime, a grand jury in Boston, looking into other aspects of the affair, is trying to collect evidence from scholars, attempting to compel aides to U.S. senators to testify, and checking the bank records of reporters.

Thus it is conceivable that there will be further indictments before the whole story becomes history. Undoubtedly the extensive details Ungar gives about the distribution of the Papers will become fodder for the investigation and thus, ironically, a countercontribution to the side that I presume he is on. I am not questioning the wisdom of his including those details; I am only suggesting that in a time when all sorts of people are called before grand juries to testify about their sources of information, when reporters believe their phones are being tapped, and when the dossier has become a standard element of surveillance, we are all part of the case.

Peter Schrag is a contributing editor of *SR*.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

A ROSE IS NOT A ROSE

A dozen roses have been plucked by David A. Bernstein of Portland, Oregon, from literary and musical works. He wants you to identify them all. Thorns are removed on page 75.

1. Abie's Irish Rose ( )
2. The Black Rose ( )
3. Brier Rose ( )
4. The Compass Rose ( )
5. The Knight of the Rose ( )
6. Madame Rose ( )
7. Rose Marie ( )
8. Rose Maybud ( )
9. Rose Maylie ( )
10. Rose of Sharon ( )
11. Rosie Driffield ( )
12. Serafina delle Rose ( )

A. English corvette
B. author's unfaithful wife
C. widowed dressmaker
D. sharecropper's daughter
E. Saskatchewan hotel singer
F. long-lost aunt
G. Greek-English beauty
H. somnolent princess
I. young Viennese count
J. village maiden
K. stage mom extraordinary
L. New York Catholic

a. Costain
b. Dickens
c. Gilbert
d. Grimm
e. Hammerstein and Harbach
f. Hoffmannsthal
g. Laurents and Sondheim
h. Maugham
i. Monsarrat
j. Nichols
k. Steinbeck
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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

From Clarence Darrow to Louis Nizer, the defense attorney has been a romantic hero. Thirty-eight-year-old Martin Garbus, author of *Ready for the Defense* (Avon, $1.50), is the latest of the line. Garbus, who was born in Brooklyn and graduated from New York University Law School, has defended a number of famous men—Lenny Bruce, Timothy Leary, Philip Roth, and Cesar Chavez. In the Broadway play *Lenny*, the young lawyer whom Bruce finally fires from the case is, in fact, Garbus. "Lenny wanted to be his own lawyer," says Garbus, "but he understood what we were trying to do. It wasn't merely an obscenity issue. It had to do with whether anyone—Mickey Mouse or Robin Hood—can be harassed from one state to another merely by calling him obstructive of the public good."

Not all of Garbus's clients are famous. A case that led to a landmark decision involved Mrs. Sylvester Smith, a poor black woman in Alabama who had been denied her welfare rights because she "took her pleasure" with a man not the father of her children. "Thank God you're here," Mrs. Smith told Garbus in 1966 when he went South to defend her. He defended her again and again, right to the Supreme Court. The Smith case was the first welfare case argued in the highest court, and it won by a 9-0 decision. It was hailed at the time as a major civil liberties victory. "But," says Garbus now, "I think that winning the big test case doesn't necessarily move things. Welfare people are still getting shafted."

"Now we have the Burger Court," the dark-haired, bearded Garbus went on. "They refuse to hear many such cases. But it's important for us to keep trying."

For real social change in the Seventies, Garbus looks to strong movements, such as the United Farm Workers, and such men as Cesar Chavez, whom Garbus especially admires. Garbus represented Chavez in a suit against the army and the Defense Department for breaking the boycott on grapes and for preventing picketing of the bases. "The kind of thing Chavez does, organizing people around him into a real force, that's how things can get changed," says Garbus. "Chavez has been offered all kinds of grants and public monies. He has refused them all. He lives on a couple of thousand dollars a year, bad back and all, to be one with his workers."

In the next New York primary election, Garbus hopes to oppose District Attorney Frank Hogan, who has held the office for thirty years and has been unopposed for the last twelve. Currently, Garbus is preparing the defense of Herbert Blyden, the thirty-four-year-old black who was one of the leaders of the Attica uprising. Blyden faces a seventy-one-count indictment for his efforts to secure prison reform. "At Attica," says Garbus, "Blyden was the guy everyone wanted to deal with. He was the most sensitive, the most antidestructive. And yet, after the riot, back in his cell, the book he had been writing was ripped to bits, his glasses were smashed, and he was stripped and manacled for thirty days—in winter." Garbus paused. "That happened. You have to go into a jail to understand its reality, to see the inequities of our legal system. Someone like Blyden, like George Jackson, because he is intelligent, is immediately called to assume a dominant role. Such men become the targets of brutal guards. Blyden has constantly to make decisions that will call attention to himself, such as whether to file requests to see his eight-year-old son. He has yet to meet him. The jeopardy for all these people—Bruce, Leary, or Mrs. Smith down in Alabama—is how to petition for their rights without being marked as troublemakers.

"The razor's edge of difference between people like Blyden and me," says Garbus, "is this: I go to jail and talk with him; then I go home to my family. Remember, he still hasn't seen his son."

Rollene W. Saal

Military Mind

"It is one of the ironies of patriotism that a man who is called to the military service of his country may anticipate not only the possibility of giving up his life but also the certainty of giving up his liberties," writes Robert Sherrill in *Military Justice Is to Justice as Military Music Is to Music* (Harper, $1.25). A separate system of justice for the military distinct from civilian justice has long been accepted in the United States and has even been upheld by the Supreme Court. Sherrill points out that one-fifth of all adults serve in the military and insists that the two judicial systems be integrated. He describes the 1967 trial of Capt. Howard Levy, in which the antiwar officer was convicted of "disloyalty," and the California "Presidio 27" uprising against inhumane prison treatment. The nature of the court-martial comes in for examination: As one officer is told by his superior, "You're a captain in there [the military courtroom]. You're not a lawyer."

Ward Just's *Military Men* (Avon, $1.25) is a sympathetic, interior view of today's professional career men. Mr. Just based his book on interviews with all types of soldiers, from West Point cadets to right-wing generals retired to Texas, and found them uncertain of the world beyond their careers. Just views the Vietnam War as the cause of a deep confusion: "The older men are wearying of the burden and the younger men never understood the reason for it in the first place."

Bernard B. Fall, who was killed in Southeast Asia in 1967, probably knew both North and South Vietnam better than any other journalist; he is considered the authoritative historian of that conflict. His *Street Without Joy* (Schocken, $3.95), a description of the coastal area of South Vietnam between Quang Tri and Hue along Highway 1, combines a backward look at the French involvement with a remarkably relevant picture of the forces that still figure in today's headlines. In *Last Reflections on a War* (Schocken, $2.95), Fall goes beyond the Indochinese conflict to ponder the nature of revolutionary warfare, guerrilla tactics and techniques, then returns to the special case that Vietnam has come to be.

Larry G. Waterhouse and Mariann G. Wizard are political activists working in the GI movement in army camps, off-base coffee houses, and underground newspapers. In *Turning the Guns Around* (Delta, $2.45), the authors make clear that it is the GI himself who is eager to humanize military policy, whether that means getting an army doctor to wear a hat in the hospital or winning a soldier's right to political involvement.

Murray Polner's two books may seem premature; he's concerned about what happens after the war is over. *No Victory Parades* (Holt, $2.95), for which Polner interviewed hundreds of veterans, focuses upon nine men, equally divided among hawks, doves, and those he calls "haunted." All nine share feelings of guilt, of betrayal, and of anger at the military, the politicians, and even the people at home who sent them out on an uncertain task and did not support them upon their return. "Never before have so many of them questioned as much, as these veterans have, the essential rightness of what

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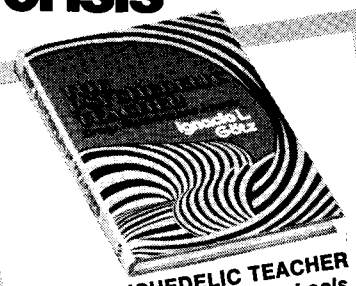

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they were forced to do," Polner writes. *When Can I Come Home?* (Anchor, $1.95), edited by Mr. Polner, debates in a variety of voices—Robert Jay Lifton, Congressman Edward I. Koch, Ernest van den Haag—the problems of those thousands of young Americans who, having resisted the draft, are sitting out a foreign exile. It's a provocative and deeply disturbing book.

Fiction

Fitzgerald and Hemingway wrote eloquently about their generation, and so did countless other writers all the way from Jane Austen to John O'Hara. Today, our mellowest literary figures are captivated by the generation behind their own, people who are young enough to be their children. Elia Kazan calls them *The Assassins,* C. P. Snow tries to fathom *The Malcontents,* and James A. Michener knows them as *The Drifters* (Fawcett, $1.75). Michener's hefty new novel follows generation-gap problems in panoramic scope. His half-a-dozen leading characters include a draft evader, a ghetto black, a beautiful Boston Brahmin political activist, and an English colonial dropout. By sheer novelistic grit, Michener pulls them all together in Torremolinos, where everyone is in and out of drugs and sex, on their way from Pamplona (yes, they do run the bulls) to Marrakech. The world-weary and middle-aged voyeur who witnesses all these hectic goings-on is only somewhat less exhausted than the reader.

In *The Merry Month of May* (Dell, $1.25), James Jones's narrator is a man of middle years who failed at both writing and marriage and who is hanging around Paris during the 1968 springtime student rebellion. A seductive black girl sets in motion those whom the street uprising hasn't already aroused. What really interests Jones is not that sleek black cat's activities, however, but what goes on beneath the surface of the political and social life of contemporary France. When Jones stops his story and gets to the facts, truth is better than fiction.

The revolution that interests William Hanley in his novel *Blue Dreams* (Dell, $1.25), is the sexual battle that rages in contemporary America. Hanley's thirty-eight-year-old hero, a TV executive, wants to get into the sex swim that everyone is talking about and persuades his wife to plunge in with him. Living out their wildest fantasies, they get out into deep, dark waters, and what has been a zanily erotic look at the way we might like to live turns into an intensely serious book. Highly recommended.

Why does Irving Stone use words like "agony," "ecstasy," "lust," and "passion" in his titles? I'll leave that one up to you and go on to *The Passions of the Mind* (Signet, $1.95), which is psychoanalysis-made-easy through a novelist's look at the life and times of Sigmund Freud. Along with the portrait of Freud and his sturdy Martha, the reader is given copious servings of old Vienna, and the successes and rifts of that psychoanalytical family are described in detail. If you don't mind *Herr Doktor* referred to now and again as "Sigi," this book is as readable as—no, even more readable than—most fictionalized biography.

Let's get back to something quieter and gentler, such as Willa Cather's *A Lost Lady* (Vintage $1.95), written in 1923. A somewhat disillusioned man recalls through the eyes of his own youth the magnificent woman of those early years. The young wife of a railroad tycoon, she is destined to live out her life in a midwestern provincial town, where she surrenders all except her energy for life. A small, beautiful book.

Literary Lives

The well-known literary figure who is best remembered for her line, "Men seldom makes passes at girls who wear glasses" deserves a biography, and John Keats has come up with a fine one in *You Might as Well Live* (Bantam, $1.50). Dorothy Parker kibitzed at the Algonquin's Round Table with Robert Sherwood, Alexander Woollcott, and Robert Benchley until one day someone said, "You can't spend your whole life having lunch at the Algonquin." As her friends drifted away, Dorothy Parker's loneliness became sharper, so perhaps did her wit, and those at whom it was directed (her mild second husband, for instance) seemed more vulnerable. She drank more, became increasingly reclusive, was cared for by some of her old, die-hard friends. This is a book—like the recent biography of Tallulah Bankhead—that makes you wish you didn't have to know the whole truth.

An earlier, kinder, though, heaven knows, no less neurotic literary circle was the Bloomsbury group that flourished in pre-World War I London. In *Beginning Again* (Harvest, $2.75), a low-keyed memoir, Leonard Woolf recalls his wife, Virginia Woolf; her sister Vanessa, the wife of Clive Bell; E. M. Forster (known as Morgan); John Maynard Keynes; Lytton Strachey—well, all of those who talked about the "new" literature. Wonderful details enliven the book: keen, ironic Katherine Mansfield carping at her husband, Middleton Murry; Bernard Shaw, who wrote to Virginia, "There's a play of mine called *Heartbreak House* which I always connect with you because I conceived it in that house somewhere in Sussex where I first met you and, of course, fell in love with you. I sup-

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pose every man did." But the most splendid portrait is that of Virginia herself, far madder than any except the Woolfs' intimate friends knew, repeatedly collapsing into insanity, then being carefully nurtured, literally spoon-fed, by her husband.

While Leonard Woolf was caring for his wife, he also tended just as gently to Hogarth Press, which published very beautifully the works of Mansfield, Murry, Forster, and T. S. Eliot. "We were both a little afraid of [Eliot]," writes Woolf. "He was so very precise, formal, cautious, or even inhibited." In his critical biography *T. S. Eliot* (Collier, $2.95), Bernard Bergonzi recognizes precisely the qualities that made Eliot seem austere, but he also recalls enough of Eliot's warm, human side to temper the chilly intellectual. The great strength of Bergonzi's book, however, is less its insights into Eliot the man than its profound understanding of Eliot's growth as a poet, critic, and dramatist.

In his introduction to F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Afternoon of an Author* (Scribners, $2.45), Arthur Mizener remarks that the distinction between fiction and nonfiction is not of major importance in Fitzgerald's case. Essays, articles, and stories, some of them previously uncollected, are gathered in this book. They give a rich sense of Fitzgerald's zest as well as his disappointment in himself. "News of Paris—Fifteen Years Ago," written in 1940, reflects the special significance the European experience had for Fitzgerald and his generation. In "How to Live on $36,000 a Year," which Fitzgerald wrote in 1924, he insists, "Why, it was impossible that I should be poor! I was living in the best hotel in New York!" □

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LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

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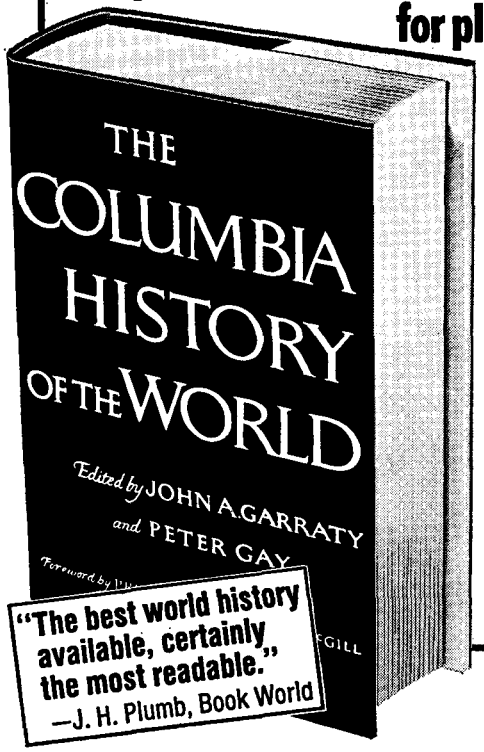

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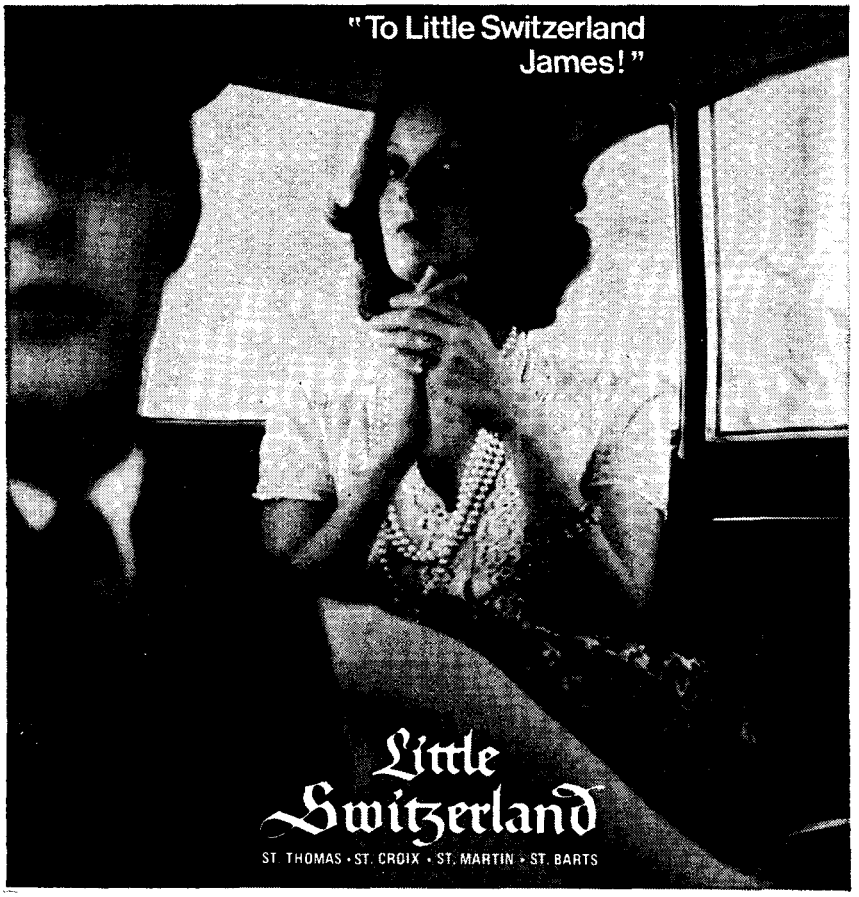

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Vested Interest

It distresses me to protest your giving my book *An American Death* to Fred J. Cook for review [*SR*, April 8], especially since he finds it "fascinatingly written," possessing "the sweep and excitement of a novel." However grateful I am for these words, they do not mitigate the injustice done me when Mr. Cook warns your readers against my conclusion that James Earl Ray alone killed Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., asserting that here my book exhibits "weakness," that my handling of certain issues is "suspect," and that *An American Death* is "something less" than the whole true story of Dr. King's murder.

SR identifies Mr. Cook as "a freelance who has written frequently on criminal topics." This suggests an impartial reviewer. But surely you must know that Mr. Cook is one of the most active proponents of the conspiracy theory in the deaths of Dr. King and the two Kennedys. Even more, he is a director of the Committee to Investigate Assassinations, a private group that energetically promotes this view by press releases and its own newsletter, and that is even now seeking a new trial for Ray, alleging that he is either the hired gunman or the dupe of some evil and still invisible conspiracy. [*Editor's note: Mr. Cook was originally identified as a member of the Committee to Investigate Assassinations; this information was deleted from the biographical note as published because of last-minute space restrictions.*] Not only is Bernard Fensterwald, Jr., whom Mr. Cook cites in his review as supporting him, executive director of this group; he is also one of James Earl Ray's attorneys.

To take up some of Mr. Cook's points: He says my explanation of how Ray obtained two (not four) of his Canadian aliases is "pure imagination." Not so. Ray himself described how he did it, following procedures learned at Missouri State Penitentiary. Again, Mr. Cook says there is not "one iota" of evidence that Ray obtained money by robberies. Not so. Ray's fingerprints were on a note he shoved over to a teller when he robbed a London bank at the point of a gun, and earlier he himself admitted that he had robbed a supermarket in Montreal. After all, Ray is a professional robber: He spent 75 per cent of his life behind bars for robberies and holdups; virtually all the money he has ever obtained from his twenty-first year onward has been by such means. Indeed, had he been fed money by others, he would never have been caught; had he only $200 more, he would have bought passage from Portugal to Africa and found asylum in a country with which we have no extradition treaty.

So, too, with Mr. Cook's other points. I obviously have not the space here to deal with them; after all, *An American Death* runs 467 pages with voluminous notes, and what is required is a careful—and unprejudiced—reading, rather than dependence on bizarre rumors, stories by confused and frightened landladies, and newspaper reports that fail to stand up. Needed, too, is the common-sense realization that not every police error or case of mistaken identity is an unwitting revelation of concealed conspiracy.

Gerold Frank
New York, N.Y.

Fred J. Cook replies: *Apparently, Mr. Frank is not content with praise; he insists also upon worship. Unfortunately, I cannot give him this.*

Mr. Frank's letter is itself evidence of the kind of sweeping assertion of assumption as fact that disturbs me. He refers to "stories by confused and frightened landladies" in London. These were the landladies who described two different men using James Earl Ray's unusual Canadian alias of Ramon George Sneyd. It is obvious from Mr. Frank's book that he never talked to the landladies of whose mental and emotional attitudes he appears so certain; but Bernard Fensterwald, Jr., who at one time headed investigative staffs for the late Senators Estes Kefauver and Thomas Hennings, did—and found the landladies neither frightened nor confused but, if anything, as he says, "a bit bored with the whole thing because I was about the fourteenth person to come along asking them the same questions."

Again, Mr. Frank refers to newspaper and police errors made in the heat of an investigation. Naturally, this happens; but neither in his book nor in his letter does Mr. Frank face the fact that Scotland Yard, in an official letter written five months after Ray's arrest, repeated its original version: that Ray had come into London on a flight from Lisbon—an account that was incompatible with the official American reconstruction of the case, which had it that he had just left his London rooming house that morning.

Mr. Frank muddies the issue of Ray's finances by referring to an incident that took place in London after his flight. The real issue is: How did he raise the thousands of dollars he spent in the United States and Mexico in the months before the assassination? My files have numerous stories leaked to columnists, apparently by the best-leaking pipeline in the nation —that of the FBI—indicating that there was no conspiracy and that Ray must have financed himself by robbing some banks. Despite the much-ballyhooed "most intensive manhunt" and investigation in history, no shred of evidence was ever produced to substantiate these leaks. Yet Mr. Frank in his book blandly adopts the "must have" robbery theory.

As for the Canadian aliases, there were four (not two), and Mr. Frank's explanation of how Ray managed to locate four strange men in a strange city—men who looked remarkably like himself—simply does not hang together.

There is no secret about my own role in the assassination cases; I have been and will remain active in the Committee to Investigate Assassinations until perplexing questions and deep reasons for doubt are met with hard and satisfactory answers, not sweeping generalizations. As for SR's assigning the review to me, perhaps such reviews should be assigned to someone with the background knowledge of complicated details that many reviewers do not have. At the same time, since I am not a propagandist, I think I retain the ability to be fair and that the review I wrote, which Mr. Frank's publishers have liked to quote in their advertising, shows it. The trouble was that I wanted answers to crucial questions and did not find them.

Inexcusable Weakness

Many controversial books—those written about politics, communism, pacifism, Zionism, the Roman Catholic Church, etc. —are prejudged by narrow-minded readers before the book is even opened. If the book reinforces the reader's opinions and prejudices, it is a "good book." But if, instead, it contradicts what one holds sacred, then the author must have distorted the facts or have told lies. That seems to be the case with Jonathan Mirsky's review [*SR*, April 1] of *In the Midst of Wars*, by Maj. Gen. Edward Lansdale.

I don't see how anyone, including your reviewer, could judge the veracity of the statements in this book. The general tells in quite straightforward language what he claims he actually saw, heard, and did in the Philippines and Vietnam; yet your reviewer states the book is "permeated with lies from cover to cover." He quotes as a basis for his judgment "other substantive studies," which happen to disagree in substance with some of the statements in this book. Must we accept the word of Bernard Fall, Robert du Berrier, Graham Greene, and "other authoritative studies" as gospel truth? Not only do these writers disagree among themselves, but they also obtained their "facts" secondhand and by hearsay.

For the reader to prejudge a book is an excusable weakness, but for your reviewer to do so is unpardonable.

Ben Carroll
Eugene, Ore.

Jonathan Mirsky replies: *I've been reviewing books for years and, until now, have never accused an author of lying. Indeed, I looked forward to reading Mr. Lansdale's work since from personal experience and wide reading I knew his CIA role—which, I notice, he doesn't deny—to be a central one in American efforts in Southeast Asia. That's not prejudgment, Mr. Carroll, but knowledge.*

Imagine my surprise, then, to find Mr. Lansdale identified merely *as an Air Force officer. How about Henry Kissinger as an ex-Harvard professor or Dean Acheson as a Washington attorney?*

Neither Mr. Carroll nor, naturally, Mr. Lansdale [Book Forum, May 13] deals with my principal evidence, which is not "other authoritative studies" nor "other writers with their own axes to grind" but the Pentagon Papers. The Pentagon Papers are documents, not secondhand opinions. My quarrel with Mr. Lansdale—and his publisher—is exactly with Lansdale as "eyewitness." I deliberately picked two "eyewitness" events, the "help" of the Eastern Construction Company and the "help" of "Major" Conein. Both are described by Lansdale himself *as CIA fronts. But not in his book! Only in secret documents. Therein exists the lie. Sorry, General—it's not a "human comedy"; it's too deadly for the Indochinese.*

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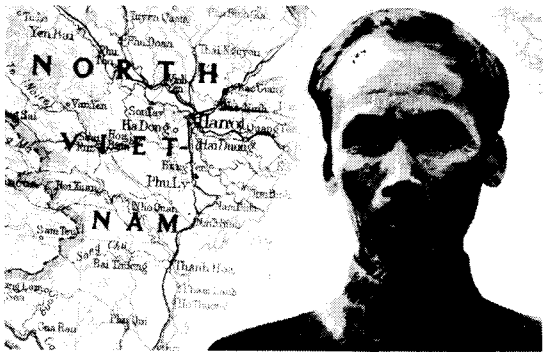

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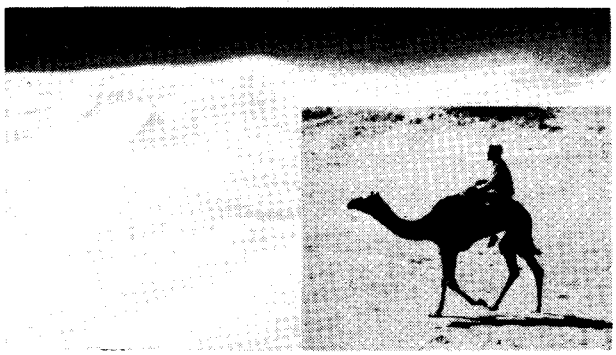

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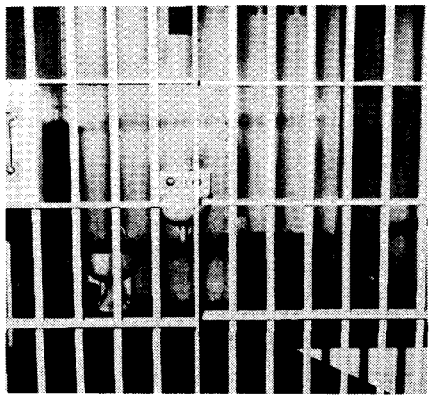

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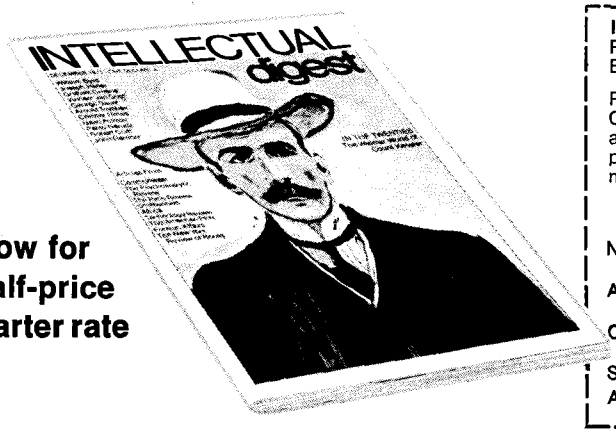

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(Continued from page 81)

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

MID-VERMONT. Charming, restored revolutionary home, barn, lodge, etc. Secluded 100 mountainside acres. Magnificent view. $149,000. Owner. 914-949-3787.

FLORIDA'S EXCITING new Bayfront residential resort. Waterfront, golf course lots. Condominiums, Yacht and Country Club. BAY POINT, Box 9137, SR, Panama City Beach, Florida 32401. 904-234-3308. AD4762.

QUALITY ALL SEASON recreational, rural properties: Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Free Brochure. Box G-84.

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $90 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY Co., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS—White sand beaches, cooling trade winds, palm groves, exotic coral reef, clean water, remote retreats untouched by civilization. Priced from $20,000 to $300,000 with terms available. Box H-216.

ADIRONDACKS—Beautiful 5-acre parcels, fantastic views. Electricity, survey, warranty deed. $8,800. Terms. Box H-179.

VERMONT ACREAGE—Prime investment parcels in Northeast Kingdom. 8 surveyed lots totaling 551 acres. Good roads, excellent views, privacy. Price $125,000, attractive terms. Many others. Free brochure. Corti Real Estate, Walden, Vermont 05873. Telephones: 802-563-2261, 802-472-6066.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating, Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla, Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MEN-WOMEN NEEDED NOW to fill out income tax forms at home. We show you how. Simple, easy to learn. $700 per month earnings possible. Details mailed free. No salesmen. Hurry. Federated Tax Service, 2086 Montrose, Chicago, 60618.

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full or part time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5 month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 905-D, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

CAMPS

THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP provides an experience that integrates work and recreation, the arts and current concerns. A vitalizing summer with well selected contemporaries in a country setting. Coed, ages 13-17. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346. 802-387-4212.

HICKORY RIDGE—Sports, music, crafts, skating. M. Miller, 590 Forest Drive, Westwood, N.J. 07675.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

TEENAGERS RATE HUMAN RELATIONS and community spirit even higher than our arts, sports programs. They could be right! Coed 6-18. Brochure! Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 22, New Jersey 08318.

WOOLMAN HILL, SUMMER PROJECT, Deerfield, Massachusetts 01342. Crafts, organic farming, rural skills. Coed, 14-16.

SUGAR MOUNTAIN MUSIC CAMP—Blueridge Mountains of North Carolina. Almost entire staff from Sun Valley Music Camp, Sun Valley, Idaho. In beautiful new location. Write: Dept. R, P.O. Box 6111, Charlotte, N.C. 28207.

JUDGMENT RIDGE — *Unique camp on thousand acres* Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($150 extra). 36 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, hiking, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 *half season. Vershire, Vermont* 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

SUBTROPICAL RANCHO RUIDOSO. Kids, 10-15. Horses, pool, Gulf trips, old Mexico. Route 1, Box 1755, McAllen, Texas 78501.

SCIENCE/WILDERNESS EXPLORING FOR BOYS ages 10-15 at Spruce Mountain Camp, Bryant Pond, Maine. Field and mountain trips, ham radio, photography, plants, animals, astronomy, weather, geology, ecology. Exciting concept of science recreation. Mt. Katahdin outpost camp. SAFARI I wilderness program, SAFARI II in Canadian Rockies. Catalogue: William T. Harty, 12 Highland Street, West Medway, Massachusetts 02053.

COSTA DORADA, SPAIN—Coed 4-15. Arts, crafts, swimming, sailing, horses, etc. 3-week sessions June 12th-September 2nd. $300/session. International School Village, Ronda General Mitre 5, Barcelona, Spain or N. S. Wolpow, 425 Olmstead Avenue, NYC, 10473.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

LEARN TO SAIL. Beautiful Downeast Maine. Lester Rhoads, Boothbay, Maine 04537.

ECHO VALLEY — Secluded housekeeping cabins near Mount Rushmore. Keystone, South Dakota 57751.

CAMDEN, MAINE—A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Windjammer cruises, lobster boats or just quiet contemplation. WHITEHALL INN has reflected this magic since 1902. A historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits. June opening. A.P., M.A.P. Write Box SR, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine 04843.

SANTA MARTA'S RAINLESS Rodadero Beach on Colombia's Caribbean coast. Completely furnished, air-conditioned condominium apartments—rentals from $71.50 weekly, 1 bedroom, to $357 monthly, 2 bedrooms. Maid service $1.00 daily extra. Write Lowrie Ltda., Apartado Aereo 7262, Bogota, Colombia.

COLONIAL ATMOSPHERE RESORT on lake in mountain area. Sandy beach, par 3 golf. Woodbound Inn, Box 190, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT—Furnished apartments by week or month. On the water—in the village. Write Sea Village, 17 Hancox.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

YOUR OWN PRIVATE FLOATING VILLA. Aquavilla is a new resort in Eleuthera Bahamas, where each couple gets a spacious private suite of rooms floating atop crystal clear Bahamian waters. Complete water sports center, brand new tennis court, and The Captain's Table restaurant. And all for about half what you'd spend at other island resorts. See your travel agent or write our reservations office: Aquavilla Reservations, Box N7535, Nassau, Bahamas.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn, motel, efficiency apartments on ocean. Informal. Modern. Modified American, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Motel mid-May to late October. Inn late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Advance reservations recommended for August. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 45 Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

CARIBBEAN—An intimate inn. Mary's Boon on Juliana Beach, St. Maarten. P.O. Box 278-A, Philipsburg.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private beach.

BUCKS COUNTY — If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. For a brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

TRAPP FAMILY LODGE—Beautiful 900 acre estate that is home of Austria's renowned Trapp family. Ride, swim. Walk in the gardens, along wooded trails. Splendid Viennese food, mountain scenery. Send for colorful brochure and rates. Dept. 1S, Stowe, Vermont 05672.

ESCAPE crowds, tension, pollution, newspapers and hotelitis. Come to our little Caribbean island and relax. Simple comforts, good food, wine, beach, clear water and cooling trade winds. Bring a book and unwind. 20 miles but light years from St. Thomas. MARINA CAY, Tortola, British Virgin Islands. Brochure.

(Continued on page 84)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 83)

A COOL, CLEAN TEN MILES AT SEA . . . serene island, quiet, fourteen-guest inn, June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

LITTLE DIX BAY, VIRGIN GORDA. British Virgin Islands. There is still a place where you can enjoy true peace, relaxation and an utterly unspoiled environment, combined with the quiet luxury of fine resort living.

AT LITTLE DIX BAY, nature's on your side and so are we. Around a crescent bay, green mountains sweep down to a powdery white sand beach and turquoise, transparent waters. Accommodations are secluded, informal yet supremely comfortable: cone-topped cottages, or spacious rooms with patios and gorgeous views. From the main pavilion, see pelicans diving and the Caribbean gold of the sunsets.

ALL WATER SPORTS—use of sailboats, snorkel masks, fins, water skis, and water taxis to nearby cays and beaches—are free: included in our rates. So is tennis. The snorkeling and scuba-diving are among the finest in the world.

THE CLIMATE IS FANTASTIC: sunny, beautiful, cooled year round by the trade winds. With our lower summer rates, May 1st-November 1st, we get $35 per day per person double, including all meals. For a brochure or reservations see your travel agent, or call or write Resort Representation, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West, New York, N.Y. 10020. Tel. 212-245-8055; Chicago 312-372-4489; Washington, D.C., 202-347-4951; represented in the West by Glen W. Fawcett.

OPERATED BY Rockresorts, Inc.

PARADOR MARTORELL, Inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

FOR PEOPLE WHO LOVE MOUNTAINS! A luxurious family retreat surrounded by White Mountain National Forest. Continental cuisine, select wines. Play tennis, swim, fish, hike, climb and golf nearby or browse in village shops and galleries. $14-$25 p.p., M.A.P., double occupancy. Housekeeping condominiums by day or month. Dana Place, P.O. 95-1, Jackson, N.H. 03846. 603-383-6822.

A TREASURE by the sea. Unique oceanside resort apartments. Leisure living in tropical tranquillity—or exciting sport fishing and imaginative underwater exploring. Interested? Sunburst South Resort, Box 145, Islamorada, Florida Keys, 33036.

INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $14, doubles $27 daily EP. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from July 1st. Bar. Open April-September. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

VERMONT. Luxury resort and condominiums on scenic hillside. 9 hole golf, heated pool, championship tennis, fishing. Low May, June rates. Fox Run, Box O-SR, Ludlow, Vermont 05149. 802-228-8101.

HARBORSIDE INN, Edgartown, on the storybook island of Martha's Vineyard. Delightful resort overlooking Edgartown harbor. Sail or fish in our fleet of pleasure boats. Swimming pool. Bicycling, golf nearby, interesting shops surround us. Famed Navigator Restaurant and Boathouse Bar. European Plan. Edgartown, Massachusetts 02359. Tel. 617-627-4321.

ERUDITE CLIENTELE. informal family vacations. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H. 03261.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $80 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine Brochure!

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT in one of the few small country inns left. Set in a tiny picture-book village. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Open year 'round. Betty & Jim Lee, Barrows House, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA, Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine, In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

VACATIONS

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO—Luxurious, split-level, 3 bedroom, fully-equipped condominium available for seasonal rental. Also for summer months. $600 month. Ideally situated, center of village, shuttle bus to lifts, free use of heated pool. Write SR Box G-433.

BEACH PLUM INN, Menemsha, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts 02552. Small, informal, overlooking sea. Beautiful accommodations, superb food, American Plan. All sports. $21-$31 daily per person. 617-645-9454.

RUSTIC MOUNTAIN LODGE—600 acres secluded in Adirondack Forest Preserve Lands, on unspoiled 13th Lake. Swimming, sailing, tennis, miles of trails. Home-cooked meals, charming rooms. Housekeeping cottages. 2-5 acre building lots are offered. Also handsome manor house available for summer, monthly, weekly for groups, seminars. Sleeps 25. Write Garnet Hill, North River, New York 12856.

SPECTACULAR SEASCAPE VIEWS overlooking the broad Atlantic. A distinguished resort on expansive, landscaped grounds. Broad lawns, flowers, big swimming pool, professional putting green. Social season mid-June to Labor Day—concerts, dinner dances. Near Playhouse and Art Galleries. Modified American and European Plans. Motor inn, cottages, efficiencies mid-May to mid-October. The Lookout Resort, Box 11, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

SUITS-US FARM—Parents and children love it! Animals, pony and hay rides. Bonfires, fishing, heated pool. Tennis. Also, golf, auctions, antiques nearby. Private bath available. Brochure. Bovina Center, 3, N.Y. 607-832-4369. Always hot coffeepot.

GRAND CANYON RIVER TOURS in single raft. Three days $295, six days $395, eight days $485. Limit 10 to party. Skilled boatman and helper for personal attention. Only outfitter with long-term Park Service contract and helicopter into canyon. Fort Lee Company, Dept. SR, P.O. Box 2103, Lee's Ferry, Marble Canyon, Arizona 86036. Phone 602-645-3111.

WHAT MAKES ME. GREAT? The scent of pine, a breeze from the sea, a beauty spot 'neath friendly mountains. This is a gracious summer resort with sumptuous food. June 18th-September 18th. Asticou Inn, Northeast Harbor, Maine 04662.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Don and Kathie Murray, Dept. 6, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

UP-ISLAND ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages (nonhousekeeping). $15 to $21 daily per person includes hearty New England breakfasts, Lobster Cookout Tuesday, bountiful Sunday Night Buffet. Special rates May 27th-June 16th and September 10th-30th. Booklet. O. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager. 617-645-2521. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE. Endless beach, pool. Caribe Adventure Inn, 158S, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957.

CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (GENTLY). Savor peaceful wooded island, unspoiled lake, Eastern Ontario. Cottages, $50. Barnes, Ompah, Ontario.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly—no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 247B, Rockport, Maine 04856.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Secluded LAMBERT'S COVE INN. Pines, gardens, meadows. Delicious food. Walk to beach. May-October. RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568. 617-693-2298.

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. 802-247-5766. Write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 206, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

VACATIONS

WORLD FELLOWSHIP CENTERS in the Catskills and White Mountains offer a unique vacation experience of recreation and mental stimulation. Through dialogue among people of diffierent backgrounds, films and speakers, a global view and wholistic approach to life emerge. For information, write or phone World Fellowship, Conway, N.H. 03818, 203-874-1461, or Kerhonkson, N.Y. 12446, 914-893-9839.

WILDERNESS VACATIONS—Get the feel of primitive wilderness living. Here is a chance to do it. AWE saddle pack trips into the great wilderness areas of Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and Montana. Well guided but not pampered. 15 people maximum per trip. Ride, hike, climb, fish, read, sit. 7 and 11 day trips, April-September. From $210. For brochure write: AMERICAN WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE, Box 1108, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

BLUEGRASS HUNT COUNTRY—Bring your horse, too. Box 1083, Middleburg, Virginia 22117.

FLORIDA KEYS IN SUMMER? Positively. Cooled by southeasterly trade winds, Rainbow Bend Fishing Club offers spacious air-conditioned oceanfront apartments, sandy beach. Fish, swim, snorkel, birdwatch, sail. Folder, Box 2447, Marathon Shores, Florida 33052.

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS. Northbrook Lodge — a woodland resort near Lake Placid and Saranac Lake. Informal, peaceful and secluded. Beautiful private lake and mountain area—true Adirondack setting. Sports or relaxation. NO ORGANIZED ACTIVITIES. $135 weekly per person, American Plan. Your inquiry invited. Northbrook Lodge, Box 246, Paul Smiths, N.Y. 12970.

CULTURAL REVOLUTION—Arts alive and flourishing in BERKSHIRES. Clark Art Museum, summer theatre, Tanglewood. Tennis pro, golf. Treadway Williams Inn, Williams Campus, Williamstown, Massachusetts 01267.

WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW—We'd like to send you a free copy of a colorful booklet showing how, this summer, you and your family can enjoy a vacation amid the lush, natural beauty of a secluded tropical island at low "Beachcomber" rates. Golf, tennis, sailing and ¼-mile beach. Write Dept. E, The Key Biscayne Hotel & Villas, Key Biscayne, Miami, Florida 33149.

COME AWAY—breathe our fresh air—rare combination of scented pine and ocean spray. Motels and efficiencies. Coffee Shop-Cocktail Lounge. Pool. Fishing. Golf. May into October. Brochure. 207-646-5662. Mr./Mrs. Maurice Weare, Cliff House and Motels, Box R, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

UNCROWDED, UNSPOILED, WOODED Connecticut campsites. Swimming. Box 432, Watertown, Connecticut 06795.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Box 118R, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

SHELBURNE MUSEUM VACATION! Tour 45 acres, 35 buildings, plus breakfast, dinner, gratuity, tax, new air conditioned motel room, color television. All for $19.95 per person double occupancy, May 15th through June 30th and all September only. Shelburne Inn and New Motel, Box 4, Shelburne, Vermont, U.S. 7.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

WORKSHOPS

SIXTH ANNUAL WRITING WORKSHOP—for people over 57, August 6th-12th, at University of Kentucky. Sections in Script Adaptation, Donna Turner; Poetry, Lillie Chaffin; Nonfiction, Don Whitehead; Fiction, Gurney Norman. For brochure: Council on Aging, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Kentucky 40506.

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WORKSHOPS

WILDERNESS PHOTOGRAPHIC SEMINARS—Wyoming and Arizona, with John Oldenkamp of Psychology Today. Information: IBOL, Inc., 654 India, San Diego, California 92101.

MAINE WRITERS' WORKSHOP includes Fitzgerald, Hemingway seminars. Limited. Box H-196.

FIFTH SUMMER Open Education Workshops. Experience our exciting environment of children, learning materials, and model facility to explore your potential for self growth. June 19th-July 7th, July 31st-August 18th. Early Learning Center, Gary Road, Stamford, Connecticut 06903. 203-322-1311.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

CONFERENCE CENTER, Berkshires. Available for small groups. Weekends or longer. All facilities including meals. Inviting informality; tennis, swimming. Box 88, Hancock, Massachusetts 01237. 413-738-5032.

ADIRONDACK SUMMER WORKSHOPS. Ceramics, weaving, sculpture. Brochure (SR), Brant Lake Arts Center, 3083 May Road, Wantagh, N.Y. 11793.

VERMONT SUMMER ARTS CENTER for amateurs and professionals. Chamber music, arts, crafts, dance, yoga. Weekly session, or longer, June 25th-August 20th. Creative vacation on a college campus in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Write: Anne Allen, Executive Secretary, Lyndon State College, Lyndonville, Vermont 05851.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND. SCHILLER COLLEGE—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

IRELAND OFFERS exceptional academic experiences for international college students. Write Institute of Irish Studies, U.S. Office, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

LONDON THEATRE WORKSHOP, 1972. Exciting vacation/study at Imperial College of London University. Theatre, Action Seminars, Cinema. Students and non-students. $545. July 29th-August 26th. Box 7124, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin 53213.

SUMMER ABROAD: Age groups 14-18, 17-22, 10-14. 4-6 weeks, from $595. Language-study-travel. Sports and camp; underwater archaeology. Programs in France, Spain, Switzerland, Austria, Mexico. Cost includes flights, much sightseeing, festivities. European Language Institute, SR, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10017.

HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH PROGRAM — One month in beautiful hacienda in Colima, Mexico. Write: Richard Hancock, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

SUMMER SESSIONS AT SEA. World Campus Afloat accredited study cruises to South Pacific and Asia. Workshops, seminars, classes and travel for educators, businessmen, other adult groups. Brochure: Chapman College, CC13, Orange, California 92666, or phone 714-633-8821, Ext. 317.

LONDON THEATRE NOW! "Leisure-Learning," modern vacations for people who want to learn as they play. Includes excellent university lecturers, outstanding plays, modern college accommodations, excursions. 2 weeks only $235! July 10th to 23rd. Seminars Abroad, 714 Park Towne West, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19130.

INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL, Edinburgh, Scotland. Covers the world's biggest Arts Festival, Music, Art, Drama at the Festival. August 19th-September 9th. This course, open to all ages, is accommodated at the University of Edinburgh, along with many of the Festival performers. Students will be able to specialize in music, art and drama (including Shakespeare). Attend course lectures and discussions in the morning. Afternoons open for attendance at Festival productions and exhibitions. Excursions, parties, dances. Write: Mrs. Pat Simpson, 560 2nd Street, (EH), Brooklyn, New York 11215.

STUDIES ABROAD

HEIDELBERG - BERLIN - PARIS - MADRID - LONDON. SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal Arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year programs. American credit system. Special programs: music, theatre, fine arts. International business administration. Graduate, undergraduate, and high school summer courses. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

STUDIES ABROAD

ACADEMIC YEAR IN SPAIN — University Programs: Undergraduate, B.A., M.A. TOTAL, $1,985. (Semester $1,385.) Summer $485. FELLOWSHIPS, AYS, 67 Orchard Ridge, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514. 914-238-4306.

AMERICAN EDUCATION IN SWITZERLAND. Leysin American School for University Preparatory Studies. International Environment. Coeducational, grades 9-12, boarding, 200 boys and girls. Experienced, qualified U.S./international staff, teacher-pupil ratio 1:10. Solid academic program, advanced placement, PSSC Physics, Chemstud, BSCS Biology; strong Mathematics, Foreign Languages. Curriculum related European tours. Alpine and winter sports. Excellent college admissions record. Affiliated with the American College of Switzerland. Write: Leysin American School, 1854-T Leysin, Switzerland or Hans T. Spengler, U.S. Representative, 330 East 49th Street, New York, 10017.

COLUMBUS INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE of Spain—A 2-year liberal arts college in cooperation with the city of Seville. Freshman Sophomore Curriculum, American Faculty, Dormitory Boarding Plan. Tuition $1,050 yearly, credits transferable. Write Columbus International College, Capitan Vigueras, 1, Seville, Spain.

PRAESTEGAARDEN FOTOSKOLE—A unique setting for study and realization in cinema and photography. Summer and Winter program openings. Praestegaarden Fotoskole, Klim Strand, 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

FLEMING COLLEGE, FLORENCE—American, two-year coeducational, A.A. degree-granting college offers courses in languages, fine arts, drama, film, English, literature, math, science, history and government. Based in Florence, Italy. Outstanding faculty. Residence on or off campus. Research trips, two-week stay in European homes, and exploration of Italy give an international dimension to all studies. Incorporates interim, pre-college year offering concentration in any of above areas. Contact: W. Rea, 326 East 69th Street, New York, New York 10021.

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

SPANISH LANGUAGE and Latin American Studies in recognized binational institute with 21 years' experience. Instituto Cultural, Tolsa 300, Guadalajara, Mexico.

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TRAVEL

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1990

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. European polecat	53 72 92 159 178 204 16
B. As far as possible (3 wds.)	22 112 193 213 2 15 45 67 81
C. Where Archimedes was when he figured out how to test Hiero II's crown (3 wds.)	89 99 114 130 157 175 212 1 19
D. Colorful resort town of Málaga, Spain	68 82 104 194 3
E. Get to the bottom of	97 115 128 148 160 205
F. Consistently with (2 wds.)	27 56 190 206 10 105 133 152 88 106 119
G. Son of Hellen; husband of Creusa	127 192 6 31 41 65
H. Kowtow; truckle (3 wds.)	13 26 83 122 145 195 5 210 102 138 165 36
I. Conservative; reactionary (comp.)	121 144 218 7 28 132 167 37 100
J. Arouses to a high degree of passion or feeling	111 125 51 14 142 172 182 209
K. Wed, get hitched (3 wds.)	18 48 80 137 181 208 74 156 163 177
L. Am. poet and critic (1874-1925; "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed"; full name)	179 189 39 113 170 197 32 135 23
M. Temple or shrine; cella	60 151 185 201

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Book of the Old Testament	217 52 71 87 124
O. Teensy (comp.)	198 9 38 85 25 58 70 140 109
P. Certifies	161 186 49 63 129 153 42
Q. Cheesy, trashy	139 12 184 47 75 141 200 64
R. "And the children stood watching them out ——." (3 wds.; Kingsley, "The Three Fishers")	188 54 66 215 91 169 202 150 73
S. "And all my nightly dreams/Are —— glances." (4 wds.; Poe, "To One in Paradise")	110 43 55 183 94 61 79 118 77 211 101 143 108 174 117
T. Offer in sacrifice	216 21 33 59 134 166 30 149
U. State of being a beginner; apprenticeship	84 34 90 17 4 98 173 57 8
V. Filmy, cobwebby substance	146 40 29 147 103 95 176 207
W. Maximally (3 wds.)	96 69 180 93 126 35 44 136 78
X. Fr. naturalist, evolutionist (1744-1829)	24 46 203 155 123 214 116
Y. Ahead of competitors (2 wds.)	11 120 162 164 171 196 168 187
Z. Reservation holder who proves to be a headache (comp.)	76 50 154 62 86 158
Z¹. Character or disposition of a community, group, person, etc.	131 199 107 191 20

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

1 C	2 B	3 D	4 U	5 H		6 G	7 I	8 U		9 O	10 F	11 Y	12 Q	13 H	14 J	15 B	
16 A	17 U	18 K	19 C		20 Z¹	21 T	22 B	23 L	24 X		25 O	26 H	27 F	28 I	29 V		30 T
31 G	32 L		33 T	34 U	35 W	36 H	37 I	38 O		39 L	40 V	41 G		42 P	43 S	44 W	45 B
	46 X		47 Q	48 K	49 P		50 Z	51 J		52 N	53 A	54 R	55 S	56 F	57 U	58 O	59 T
60 M		61 S	62 Z	63 P	64 Q		65 G	66 R	67 B	68 D	69 W		70 O	71 N	72 A	73 R	74 K
75 Q	76 Z	77 S		78 W	79 S	80 K	81 B		82 D	83 H	84 U		85 O	86 Z	87 N		88 F
89 C	90 U	91 R		92 A	93 W	94 S	95 V		96 W		97 E	98 U	99 C	100 I	101 S	102 H	
103 V	104 D	105 F		106 F	107 Z¹	108 S	109 O		110 S	111 J	112 B	113 L		114 C	115 E	116 X	117 S
	118 S	119 F	120 Y	121 I		122 H	123 X	124 N		125 J	126 W	127 G	128 E		129 P	130 C	131 Z¹
	132 I	133 F	134 T	135 L		136 W	137 K	138 H	139 Q	140 O		141 Q	142 J	143 S	144 I	145 H	146 V
	147 V	148 E	149 T		150 R	151 M	152 F	153 P	154 Z		155 X		156 K	157 C	158 Z		159 A
160 E	161 P	162 Y		163 K	164 Y		165 H	166 T	167 I	168 Y	169 R		170 L	171 Y		172 J	173 U
174 S	175 C	176 V		177 K	178 A	179 L	180 W		181 K	182 J	183 S		184 Q	185 M	186 P	187 Y	188 R
189 L		190 F	191 Z¹	192 G	193 B	194 D		195 H	196 Y		197 L	198 O	199 Z¹	200 Q		201 M	202 R
203 X	204 A		205 E	206 F	207 V	208 K		209 J	210 H	211 S	212 C	213 B	214 X	215 R	216 T	217 N	218 I

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 75 of this issue.

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The three great Ronricos. You need never make an ordinary rum drink again.

RONRICO DAIQUIRI. 1 tsp. sugar, ½ oz. lime juice (or daiquiri mix), 1½ ozs. Ronrico White Label Rum. Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass. RONRICO ON THE ROCKS. Pour 2 ozs. Ronrico Gold Label over ice, garnish with twist of lemon or slice of lime. RONRICO DIABLO AZUL. 2 ozs. orange juice; 1½ ozs. Ronrico White Label; ½ oz. Leroux Crème de Noyaux; ½ oz. Leroux Brandy. Mix—pour over cracked ice. Add float of Ronrico 151°. Garnish.

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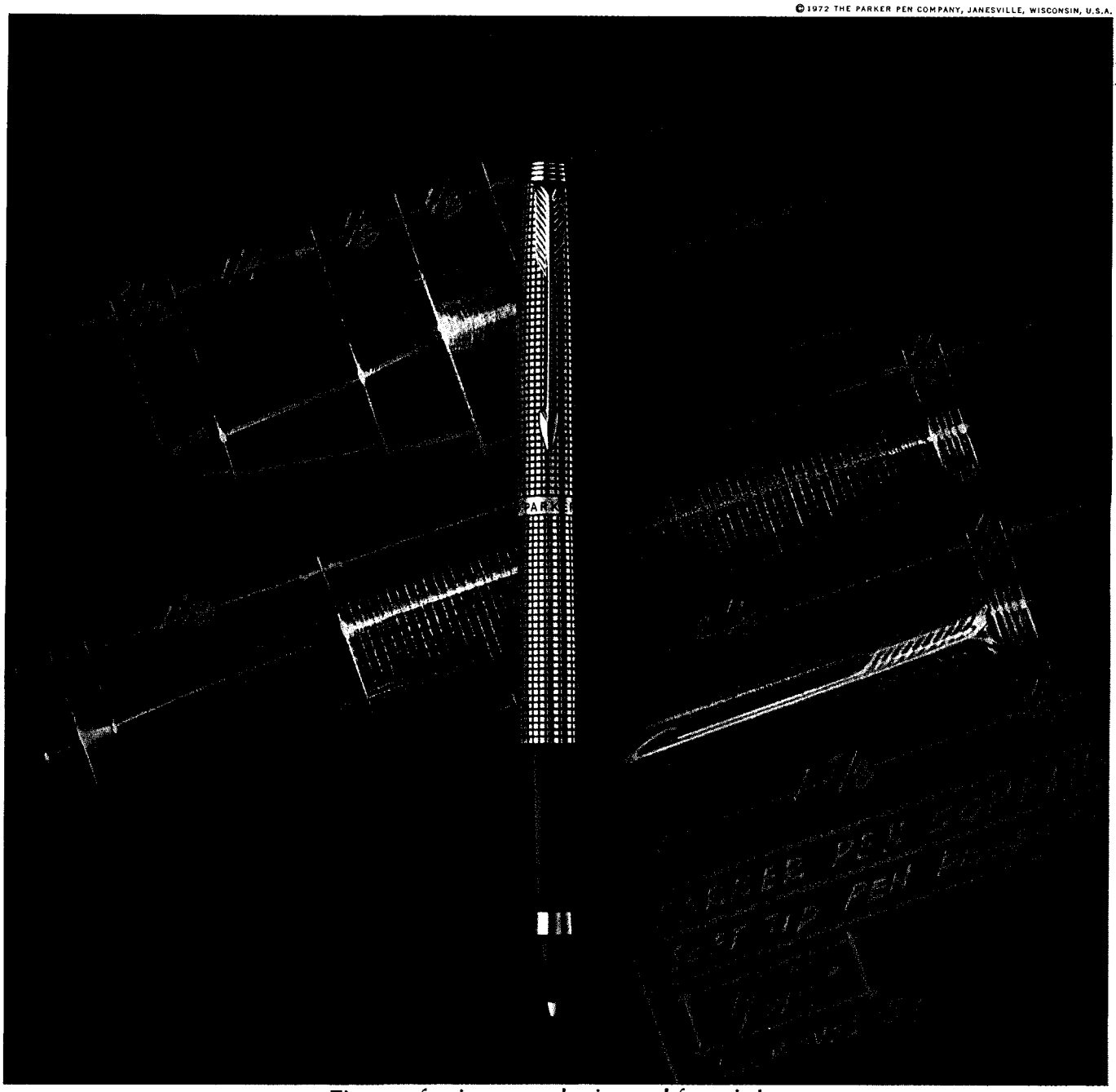

First soft tip pen designed for giving. The Parker 75

This is Parker's newest pen. Admittedly it's not one of the things that all the world has been waiting for. Crafted in solid sterling silver and priced at $20, it's an out-and-out luxury, which is exactly what we planned it to be. Special gift occasions and the very special "Thank you" are what this pen was made for.

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Go ahead, pick it up. The heft tells you it's solid sterling silver. Silver that grows more beautiful the more it is handled. And it gives the pen an almost ideal balance through hours of comfortable use.

Now get to the *real* pleasure. Write with the Parker 75 soft tip pen. Try a big, bold signature. This pen is so natural in hand, so quick on paper, and so free in its response, the simple act of writing becomes a new experience in self-expression.

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